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The Annual Spring Announcement Number of THE DIAL will be issued March 16, and will contain the usual classified list of the books to be issued this Spring by the American publishers. This Announcement Number, and a similar one in the Fall, have become a well-known feature of THE DIAL, and proved to be among the most important issues of the year. No pains will be spared to make the forthcoming List of Spring Books as complete and accurate as possible; and to this end publishers are requested to send full and prompt information—which will, of course, be printed without charge. It is desired that all houses in the regular trade shall be represented—the smaller no less than the larger ones; since the former are apt to suffer somewhat from lack of their own advertising announcements, and hence their often meritorious publications are more likely to be overlooked by readers and the trade. It is intended that none shall be excluded from this Spring List save by their own neglect.

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MODERN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND SPRACHMEISTEREI.

The friends of modern language instruction have reason to congratulate themselves upon the progress made during recent years in that department of education. Nearly every American college of any standing has a corps of trained instructors in French and German at least, if not in Italian and Spanish also. That these instructors take their work seriously is shown by the grammatical and philological manuals, and by the carefully-edited modern language texts that they have been preparing in such numbers since 1880, and that publishers have found it profitable to produce. Twenty years ago, the only manuals available for the use of the instructor in this country were works of the Ahn-Otto-Fasquelle-Ollendorf type, and texts of a very few among the most hackneyed of the classics. Now, the instructor has his choice among many scientific manuals, and among still more attractive and interesting texts. Moreover, those of our teachers who take seriously the work of modern language instruction have now carried on for ten years an association—the Modern Language Association of America—which has been justified by its works, and which stands in the front rank of the learned societies of this country.

The pedagogical section of this Association held a meeting a few weeks ago for the discussion of the important subject of methods of instruction. Mr. E. H. Babbitt reported this meeting for the February "Educational Review," and from his report we extract a passage that we have read with peculiar satisfaction: "Dr. Rambeau made the point that in Germany the *Sprachmeister*, whose business is to impart a practical knowledge of the spoken language, is classified with the music and dancing master, where he belongs, and has no more to do with the work of liberal education than they. There is even more reason why he should be so classified in this country; the *Sprachmeister* and his methods have no more place in our higher schools and colleges than teachers of piano-playing and type-writing. But the fact is, that when a generation ago modern languages were first thought of among us as a factor in a liberal education, the *Sprachmeister*

were the only people in the country who could teach them, and had to be taken to do the work in the colleges. Some of them rose to the occasion and became real educators, with a true sense of the relations of their work, but many more did not, and so the modern language instruction in this country is still tinged with *Sprachmeisterei* to an extent which seriously impairs its usefulness and dignity." In connection with these remarks Dr. Rambeau further stated that "the public, even the educational public, still believes that the only end and aim of studying a modern language is the ability to speak it," and the following surprising note is attached: "In a paper on the educational value of modern languages, read recently before the Middle States Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools, the view referred to was taken apparently as a matter of course, and no one challenged it in the discussion which followed."

That the condition of things in the Middle and Western States is not quite as desperate as would appear from the note above quoted may be illustrated by the fact that a similar School and College Conference was held at the University of Chicago last November, and that the paper read upon the subject of modern language teaching (to which subject the Conference was largely given over) expressed views entirely in agreement with those of Dr. Rambeau. These views, while they evoked dissent from a few belated educators (mostly from the country districts), seemed to meet the approval of the majority of those engaged in the Conference. The paper in question has just been published in "The School Review." A pertinent passage in this paper states the difficulty that our modern language instructor (at least below the college) has as yet hardly begun to overcome, and that should be made the object of a persistent and unwearying crusade on the part of all who have at heart the success of this important branch of education. The passage speaks of "that great divergence of educated from common opinion which every educator must squarely face, for the popular verdict says that students of a foreign language should learn to speak it, while the educator as emphatically asserts that they should learn to read it, and that it makes little difference whether they learn to speak it or not." This is the educational, as distinguished from the *Sprachmeister*, view of the question, and it will take a great deal of hammering to get it into the heads of the well-meaning but not highly-intelligent pub-

lic upon which most of our lower schools, and many of our colleges, depend for their support.

There are few departments of our secondary instruction in which reform is more needed than in that now under consideration, for the waste of time and energy at present going on is simply enormous. The serious objects of modern language teaching are being neglected in a vast number of high schools, in order that children may be taught to chatter upon a limited range of useless subjects in a language that nine-tenths of them will never have any real occasion to employ. As long as our schools pretend to be educational institutions, it is their business to educate, and not to encourage merely ornamental accomplishments; to keep in view the needs, not the vanities, of the human soul. The real objects of modern language work are, of course, to get access to a new literature, and to reach a better realization, by translation and comparative study, of the history, the resources, and the force of English speech. The recent report of the Committee of Ten very properly emphasizes these objects, and the influence of the Modern Language Association is almost wholly in the direction of their accomplishment. But the inertia of the public consciousness should be reckoned with, and educational effort must not relax. Every year our universities are sending out young men and women who understand what modern language teaching should be, and who are competent to undertake it. It is the business of our schools to secure these people as teachers, imposing no vexatious restrictions upon their work, and to relegate the *Sprachmeister* to his proper function of coaching people who wish to go abroad or to shine in a society which accepts the gilding for the pure metal. He certainly has no business in the school unless he is willing to abandon the methods demanded of him by his private pupils, and rise to the educational occasion offered by connection with an institution for serious training.

THE SUPPRESSION OF "FOREIGN IDEAS."

The educated opinion of this country is practically unanimous in favoring a removal of the stupid tariff upon English books, but Mr. Henry Carey Baird (of Philadelphia) is "agin it." Some of his objections are stated in a letter to "The Publishers' Weekly," which journal recently placed itself in very distinct terms upon the side of free books. We quote a significant passage from Mr. Baird's letter:

"The idea that taxation is necessary to the very existence of society, and that no productive industry in a country can escape it, seems to be wholly overlooked and ignored by those theorists, like yourself, who would benefit students and others while sacrificing the fundamental rights of domestic producers. . . . In a word, the policy which you advocate is highly unjust, because it would discriminate against the American publisher. As for the student himself, and for the State, it may be said with entire truth that many of these foreign books, which you would allow him the privilege of importing free, would teach him doctrines which are utterly antagonistic to the best interests of American society, such free importation, in that case, thus being against public policy. The fact is, this country, through the medium of the college, is being honeycombed and our civilization is being threatened with destruction, by reason of the absorbing of foreign ideas, especially English, and of an economic character. Rather would I put a prohibitive tariff on books containing such ideas than admit those books free of duty."

Partisans of Mr. Baird's type are not usually as outspoken as this. As a rule, while mentally carrying to its logical conclusion their fundamental assumption that all ideas not in accordance with their own should be suppressed, they contrive to cover their intolerance with the veil of some sort of rhetorical verbiage. But Mr. Baird scorns such subterfuges, and the expression of his fanaticism is refreshingly frank. In spite of his protest, and of his curious notions of "public policy," we imagine that the honeycombing work of enlightenment will go on, whatever superstructure may suffer from the process. The age and country in which he lives must seem sadly out of joint. He should have been born a Chinaman or a Mohammedan. As the latter, he would have gloated over the destruction of all books that did not agree with the Koran; and as the former, he would have occupied the most approved patriotic standpoint in seeking to protect his nation from the deadly invasions of foreign culture. As an American Mr. Baird is distinctly misplaced, and as a modern he is as decidedly out of date. Our tariff laws have been made to accomplish many purposes besides that of providing revenue for the government, but this is the first time, to our knowledge, that anyone has proposed that they should also assume the function of an intellectual censorship.

ENGLISH AT HARVARD.*

During the present year the teachers of English at Harvard are three professors, two assistant professors, three instructors appointed for terms of more than one year, five instructors appointed for

* This article is the third of an extended series on the Teaching of English at American Colleges and Universities, begun in THE DIAL of February 1, with English at Yale University, by Professor Albert S. Cook, and continued (February 16) with English at Columbia College, by Professor Brander Matthews. The fourth number of the series will be on English at Stanford University, by Professor Melville B. Anderson; and the fifth, on English at Cornell University, by Professor James M. Hart.—[EDR. DIAL.]

one year, and seven assistants,—a total of twenty. During the present year these teachers have in charge nine courses and seventeen half-courses. A whole course at Harvard meets three hours a week throughout the year; and a half-course either three hours a week for half the year, or once a week for the whole. In addition to the courses actually in progress, one course and seven half-courses announced by the department of English are not given this year, but have been given in the past, and will be given in the future, alternating with some of those now in hand. Statistics as to the number of students enrolled this year are not readily available.

The forthcoming report of the Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences shows that the state of affairs last year, which may be taken as typical, was as follows: In nine full courses, including the English Composition prescribed for Freshmen—which numbered 499—there were 52 Graduate Students, 113 Seniors, 119 Juniors, 136 Sophomores, 377 Freshmen, 88 Special Students, 62 Scientific Students, 1 Divinity Student, and 3 Law Students,—a total of 952 enrollments. In thirteen half-courses—including the courses in English Composition prescribed for Sophomores and for Juniors, which together numbered 648,—there were 58 Graduate Students, 188 Seniors, 382 Juniors, 281 Sophomores, 12 Freshmen, 51 Special Students, 25 Scientific Students, 1 Divinity Student, 3 Law Students, and 1 Student of Agriculture,—a total of 998 enrollments. No statistics are available as to how many of these students were enrolled in more than one of the courses under consideration. These figures, then, are valuable chiefly in showing the amount of teaching, in terms of courses and half-courses, actually demanded from the teachers. It may be added, however, that no Freshman is commonly admitted to an elective course in English, while for the regular half-course in English Composition prescribed for Sophomores there is an alternative elective full course in the same subject, in which last year 122 Sophomores were enrolled. The full course in English Composition prescribed for Freshmen, and the half-courses in the same subject prescribed for the two years following, comprise all the required work in English at Harvard.

In the course prescribed for Freshmen, Professor A. S. Hill's "Principles of Rhetoric" is used as a text-book. Lectures based thereon are given, and also lectures dealing with some aspects of English Literature. Of these lectures students are required to write summaries. Besides this written work, every member of the class writes a composition in the class-room once a week; and these compositions are carefully criticised by the teachers. In the half-course prescribed for Sophomores, lectures are given on Exposition, Argument, Description, and Narration; and during the year the students write twelve themes, of from five hundred to a thousand words. These are carefully criticised by teachers, and generally rewritten by the students, with this criticism in mind. In the half-course prescribed for Juniors

there are lectures on Argument; and the students make one formal analysis of a masterpiece of argumentative composition, and write four arguments—known as "forensics"—of from a thousand to fifteen hundred words. Each of these is preceded by a brief, which is criticised by a teacher before the forensic is written. The forensics themselves are also carefully criticised, and frequently rewritten. All teachers engaged in these courses keep frequent office hours for personal conference with their pupils.

Apart from these courses, all the work in English at Harvard is elective. This year the English prescribed for Freshmen is divided into three distinct courses, somewhat differing in detail. This leaves six elective courses and fifteen elective half-courses to be accounted for. Of these, only one—an elementary half-course in Anglo-Saxon—can be called purely linguistic. Three courses and five half-courses may be described as both linguistic and literary. These deal with various specimens of English literature from Beowulf to Milton, in each case attending both to the literary meaning of the matter in hand and to grammatical details in the broadest sense of the term. One full course and five half-courses may be described as literary, demanding a great amount of reading and critical work, but paying no attention to linguistic detail. These deal with various periods of English Literature, from the Sixteenth Century to the present time. In the broader sense of the term, all these courses—linguistic and literary alike—may be called philological. Of the remaining work, two courses and two half-courses are in English Composition; one half-course is in Elocution; and one consists of oral discussion of topics in history and economics.

There is no sharp distinction, then, between literary courses and linguistic. In the past, however, the faculty has held that a full course should generally involve some linguistic study. The single full course given this year in literature apart from linguistics is a division of a very advanced one in special research. Of the teachers, one professor, one assistant professor, and one instructor concern themselves wholly with the work classified as both literary and linguistic. All the remaining teachers concern themselves more or less with Composition, either prescribed or elective. The courses in literature apart from linguistics are this year in charge of four of these teachers—one professor, one assistant professor, and two instructors.

Last year the largest elective courses were in Composition, when the most elementary numbered 154, and the next 148. The largest course among those both linguistic and literary was one in Shakespeare, which numbered 111; the largest half-course in literature, which dealt with the Eighteenth Century, numbered 122. In general, the courses dealing either linguistically or otherwise with the earlier periods of English Literature were small and mature. One, which dealt with Early English Metrical Romances, numbered only six, all graduate students.

In the courses in Composition, prescribed and elective alike, little importance is attached to theoretical knowledge of rhetoric as distinguished from constant practice in writing under the most minute practicable criticism. In the two full elective courses given this year, the students write both daily themes of about a hundred words, and fortnightly themes of from five hundred to a thousand words. This work is frequently discussed in person with the teachers, who for this purpose keep office hours,—quite distinct from regular class-room appointments,—averaging five hours a week. It will be seen, then, that the use of text-books, as distinguished from personal instruction, is reduced to a minimum. The text-books actually in use have been written for the purposes in hand by the teachers who use them.

Of the courses in linguistics and in literature alike it may be said that no text-books are generally used. In linguistics the student must naturally provide himself with a good standard copy of the text under consideration; but the better part of the comments on these texts is supplied by the actual teachers. In literature the student is always sent directly to the works of the writers under consideration. Of these he is often required to read so much as to make the purchase of the works in question impracticable. In such event students commonly read in the college library, where as many copies as possible of the works under consideration are reserved for their use. In no course in literature is any regular text-book employed.

In the matter of methods, it has long been held by the teachers of English at Harvard that each teacher's best method is his own. When a course is given into a man's charge, then, he is absolutely free to conduct it in any way he chooses. The natural result is such wide divergence of method in detail that no valuable generalization concerning such detail can be made. One man finds recitations useful, generally interspersed with frequent comment; another lectures; a third prefers personal conference; a fourth finds the best results coming from properly directed discussions of special topics by his class,—and so on. Furthermore, in certain cases, the methods of the same teacher may greatly vary with different classes and at different times. On only two points, perhaps, may definite agreement among the teachers be asserted: the first is that a candidate for honors in English, in addition to very high proficiency in six elective courses, ought to know at least the elements of Anglo-Saxon, ought to have made some study of pure literature, and ought to write respectably; the second is that the best educational results are attainable by such free and mutually cordial efforts of teachers differing widely in attainment and temperament as we at present enjoy.

It may be added that the Secretary of Harvard University will gladly send to any applicant a pamphlet describing in detail our courses in English; and that any teacher of English at Harvard will

gladly explain his actual methods to any properly accredited inquirer. Persons seriously interested in these methods, then, will probably find a visit to Harvard instructive.

BARRETT WENDELL.

Assistant Professor of English at Harvard College.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE "PURE SAXON" OF BURNS'S "COTTER."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In his article on "Transplanted Genius," page 72 of THE DIAL for February 1, Mr. S. R. Elliott writes:

"Certain critics have assumed that Burns was a poet who could write in two languages, and was not, therefore, limited to his original field; and they assume this because the same hand that drew the masterpiece 'Tam-o-Shanter' was also responsible for one of the sweetest idyls in the English language, 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' written in the purest Saxon and in the Spenserian stanza. But ah! it was the same Bobby Burns writing of the same people, and trying to show, for once, that his pathos needed no dialect to give verisimilitude. The scenes he describes are everywhere familiar to his boyhood and throughout his brief manhood; in short, he never wrote save of what he knew too well."

The "pure Saxon" of "The Cotter's Saturday Night" is to be found in the dedication, which fills the first stanza, in the reflections that fill stanzas nine and ten, and in the concluding stanzas. The body of the poem, the description of the cotter and of his family, begins with the second stanza, which reads:

"November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' crows to their repose:
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes."

This is very far from being "pure Saxon." If, as some have been wont to assert, the passages composed in pure English are decidedly inferior to the others, the poem furnishes an instance in confirmation of Mr. Elliott's thesis. It shows that, to do his best, Burns must needs use his mother-tongue, as well as handle familiar subjects. This makes Mr. Elliott's paragraph the more inexplicable.

A. C. BARROWS.

Iowa Agricultural College, Feb. 15, 1894.

WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION LATIN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In reading this morning of the burning of the Colonade at the Fair Grounds, a bright ray of cheer comes over me in the thought that perhaps the Latin inscription on the adjacent obelisk was thereby removed from the public gaze. Here follows the interesting text: ANNIS QVADRINENTIS POSTEFAQVAM CHRISTOPHORVS COLUMBUS INCOGNITUM ANTEA OREBVM TERRARVM AMERICAM CENTIBVS [sic!] APERVIT HANC [sic!] IN LOCUM CONVENIVNT HOMINES OMNIVM FERE NATIONVM QUID QUSICUE IN ARTIBVS OVID [sic!!!] IN INVENTIS REBVIS QUID IN AGRICVLTVRA FRAESTITERIT [sic!] AMICO CERTAMINE INTER SE COMPARANTES.

If a Freshman student of mine should put up such work as this in a recitation, I should send him out of the room. Is it unseemly to suggest to our honorable Commissioners that, before again setting up a monument to be read by the nations of the earth, they get themselves edited?

JAMES T. HATFIELD.

Northwestern Univ., Evanston, Ill., Feb. 15, 1894.

EDWIN BOOTH IN BERLIN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In Mr. Bispham's deeply-interesting selections from Mr. Booth's letters, published in the December "Century," he refers to the great actor's "meager account of his German experiences." I was in Leipzig during the winter of 1882-3, and can testify to "the wonderful enthusiasm his acting created wherever he went." In my diary for that winter, under date of January 13, 1883, I find the following entry:

"It is a little odd to American eyes to see, in the amusement columns of the Berlin newspapers, advertisements setting forth that 'Mr. Edwin Booth, the American tragedian' is playing 'Hamlet' at the Residenz Theater. But that is just what he is doing; and winning a gratifying triumph. The opening performance of his two weeks' engagement took place last Wednesday evening, and was attended by a large and brilliant audience. The American colony was out in full force, with Minister Sargent and Mrs. Sargent at the head. The Crown Prince was also present, and remained until after the scene with *Ophelia*, when he withdrew, expressing to the manager his regret at not being able to see the rest of a performance 'which had given him such intense pleasure.' But he made it up by coming the next evening and sitting out the play.

"Mr. Booth's conception and rendition of 'Hamlet' (a play, be it remembered, by no means unfamiliar to German audiences) have completely captured the critics and the critical public in Berlin. He was repeatedly recalled during the progress of the play; at the close of the performance he had to appear four times and acknowledge the enthusiastic greetings. As for the press, it is unanimous in its praise. The *Norddeutscher Zeitung* says: 'Mr. Booth's *Hamlet* is a creation of flesh and blood; not such as we have been accustomed to in Germany. What he did last night was sufficient to show that he is fully entitled to the great reputation which has preceded him. The *noblesse* and retiring modesty with which he received all manifestations of favor made a winning impression.' His *repertoire*, I hear, will be entirely Shakespearian. He had thought of having 'Richeleau' translated, but has been dissuaded therefrom by his friend Friedrich Haase, who convinced him that it would be a mistake."

JOSIAH R. SMITH.

Ohio State University, Columbus, Feb. 6, 1894.

LOWELL'S "BAFFLED DEUMAN."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The reference by your correspondent (DIAL, Feb. 16, p. 103) to Lowell's use of the word *decuman* in his poem "The Cathedral," and the puzzlement of his critics on its first appearance twenty years ago, has brought to mind a paragraph in the facetiae department of a prominent periodical of that time, which might have amused Mr. Lowell as a curiosity of criticism, and as such may be worth reprinting:

"The other evening, in returning home, what time our streets and sidewalks were glare with ice, we observed a chap endeavoring to scale an inclined plane, and at the same time he gave evidences of an uneasy stomach. Hailing him, we asked, 'What are you about?' Whereunto he replied, in the language of Lowell,—

"Spume-sliding down the baffled decuman."

He evidently was the first to interpret the line!"

Boston, Feb. 20, 1894.

J. W. F.

The New Books.

AN EARNEST LATITUDINARIAN.*

It is a dozen years since Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, much loved and honored, sank to rest in the Deanery at Westminster. His biography has been delayed by a series of misadventures. His closest friend, Hugh Pearson, who might have written it, followed Stanley within a twelvemonth. His travelling companion and frequent co-worker, Sir George Grove, found the pressure of other duties incompatible with the task which the Dean had hoped that he would undertake. Mr. Walrond, to whom the work fell, died while arranging and assimilating his superabundant materials. Dean Bradley began a Life on so prodigious a scale that he was compelled to abandon it. Finally, Mr. Rowland Prothero was put in possession of Dean Bradley's notes and Dean Stanley's papers, with the result which lies before us. It proves well worth waiting for. At first one is tempted to suspect that less space might have been occupied. The humors of the Tractarian controversy on both sides of it have had unusual publicity, and may fairly be considered to be exhausted. Mr. Prothero's comments upon Stanley's career, elucidative and sympathetic as they are, might sometimes be shortened. A smaller number of Stanley's letters might have as clearly revealed his delightful personality. A reviewer must find fault somewhere, and so it may be said that the board sometimes groans under the profusion of the banquet. That may be taken for an official judgment. But personally the critic has read and rejoiced in every page from title to finis, and holds with the French gourmand who said "Too much is not enough."

It is curious that Stanley, living and dead, should have had almost the first and almost the last word in the long debate between Tractarianism and Broad Churchmanship, between the men who looked backward and those who looked forward for the golden age of the Church. Half a century ago the premature death of Dr. Arnold gave his favorite pupil an opportunity to choose his part and impress his master's mind on the more earnest and thoughtful spirits of the generation which to-day has nearly passed

* THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, late Dean of Westminster. By Rowland E. Prothero, with the co-operation and sanction of the Very Rev. G. G. Bradley. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

from the stage. The fifty years are ended, and it is a life of Arnold's biographer which sums up the gains and losses of the long campaign. To be sure, there remains a Memorial of Jowett to be written, and Pusey's Life is incomplete. But we know from the volumes already issued what Dr. Pusey's Life is likely, and unlikely, to give us; and Dr. Jowett, as scholar and educator rather than ecclesiastic or theologian, has been on a side-track rather than the main line. But Stanley all his days was in the thick of everything. Whatever the event or spectacle of his period, he was either on the stage as an actor, or an eager participant as spectator in the front row of seats.

Born in the highest ranks of English society, the son of a clergyman who was to become Bishop of Norwich in Stanley's early youth, from the first Arthur Stanley was an unusual child, of a highly nervous organization and an almost feminine sweetness of nature. He was known at home as "the little sylph" and "Prince Pitiful." Sent to a private school at nine years old, his heart was in his books rather than his play. He read Southey and Dryden and Shakespeare and Plutarch, from copies bought with his pocket-money. He wrote odes to

"The humming-bird bright,
The screech-owl of the night,
And the stork snow-white."

He "screamed with rapture" at the first sight of big waves at sea, and fairly "danced in ecstasy" at the vision of a mountain peak above the clouds. He had an early reputation as a teller of stories, and the gift probably stood him in good stead when he entered Rugby, a slim and delicate boy, at the age of thirteen. Dr. Arnold had just been made Head-Master, and Arthur came at once under his influence. A word from one of Stanley's schoolmates suggests the secret of Arnold's gift as an instructor.

"What struck me was the way in which Arnold referred to 'the upper boys' on matters of criticism, or points of history. 'Stanley, what do you think about that?' 'Vaughan, how would you construe that?' folding his gown and leaning upon the table and looking towards them with such respect, shown in the very tones of his voice."

Happy in such a teacher, Arthur quickly rose in the ranks of the school; prize after prize fell into his hands; and when, having won the Balliol scholarship, he came up for his last award for Greek verses, he had the delight of hearing from his revered master's lips: "Stanley, I have now given you from this place every prize that can be given, and I cannot let it

pass without thanking you for the honor you have reflected upon the school." The tone of unfeigned "respect" is very audible. Masters like Arnold are very apt to secure pupils like Stanley.

Before going to Oxford, Stanley visited Arnold at Allan Bank, and the Hares, his kinsfolk, at Hurstmonceaux. He saw Wordsworth, an old man, rather untidily dressed, with a face of great mildness, who talked of trees and shrubs, told merry stories, was not dictatorial, and did not engross the conversation. He saw John Sterling, and heard him preach, "very fine, the next best to Arnold." He read Coleridge's "Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit," still in manuscript, and judged its merits and defects very wisely. He heard read aloud some verses from a fledgeling poet, just flayed by the "Quarterly,"—Alfred Tennyson. He caught the reforming temper of his hosts at Hurstmonceaux, and wrote to Vaughan :

"Alas, that a church that has so divine a service should keep its long list of Articles. I am strengthened more than ever in my opinion that there is only needed, that there only should be, one, viz., 'I believe that Christ is both God and Man.'"

That was the mood of Arthur Stanley always. On that brief platform he was ready to stand with all believers.

It was in October, 1834, that he went up to Oxford. The first Sunday he heard Dr. Pusey upon the Song of Solomon. "It was very long and disproportioned; most of it learned and clever." The length and the learning and the disproportion are all quite credible. Pusey was already a recognized leader. The Tractarian movement had begun, and the more earnest minds of the University were mainly drawn to it. It attracted Stanley, who respected Pusey, loved to quote Keble, and admired Newman. The spell of Arnold was no longer as dominating as it had been. Stanley was growing in independence, beginning to measure and judge those whom most profoundly he revered. He could disapprove of the temper of Arnold's fierce diatribe upon "The Oxford Malignants." He was becoming less a student of books, more an observer of men. For this reason, perhaps, his university career was less brilliant than that at Rugby had been. It was only on the third trial that he won the Ireland scholarship, though he took his "first-class" and gained a fellowship, not in his own college. It had been hinted to him that his opinions were under suspicion, and that failure there was probable. He was at this time in "a strait

betwixt two" as to his theological position. He was drawn to Newman, he was still held by Arnold. "A magnificent and consistent system" of Sacramentarian teaching appealed to his imagination and historic sense, while "the voice of St. Paul's Epistles" called him, "loud and clear," in the opposite direction. The struggle was brief and decisive. The earliest fathers once for all triumphed over any later authorities. A Tory and High Churchman by his nerves, his affections, his sympathies, Stanley was a liberal in Church and State by virtue of his reason and conscience. When his feelings led one way and his sober judgment another, Stanley knew where to go, however painful the wrench of the decision. But finding, as he said a little later, the character of the Liberals "miserably unsatisfactory," and "to act with the Newmannites impossible," he struck across country for himself, and from the hour of Arnold's death called no man master. That death occurred in June, 1842. Stunned by the awful shock at first, Stanley roused himself to comfort the desolated household. Presently, at their request, he threw himself heart and soul into the work of preparing Arnold's biography. To be entrusted with it had been a dream of his boyhood. He entered on his task with a fine prescience as to what the record of such a life might be. For two years, his toil was great, almost "an agony." The result was adequate. He produced one of the half-dozen best biographies in the English tongue. It is singularly free from the faults of an unpractised writer. It is more reserved and sober in style than any of Stanley's after works. Its author was not yet thirty years old.

Meanwhile, after some scruples as to the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian creed and the strictness of clerical subscription, Stanley had been ordained deacon and priest, and appointed college lecturer and tutor at Oxford. The atmosphere of the University was at this time dense with storm and overcharged with electricity. The fall of the Whigs, the issue of "Tract No. 90," the suspension of Dr. Pusey, the publication of Ward's "Ideal Church," the degradation from his doctorate of its author, the stir about Hampden's lectures, the volcanic eruption of party spirit on his nomination to the See of Hereford, the lapsing of Ward and of Newman to Rome, made the life of an Oxford fellow at this period a series of shocks and jars and surprises, most uncongenial to Stanley's pacific temperament. Yet, for all his love of peace, he would not slink out of the field of

contest where only sure and lasting peace was to be won. He was a chivalric champion of most diverse causes. Show him a victim of injustice anywhere, forthwith, sword in hand, though with olive-branch always waving upon his crest, he would spring to his rescue. He stood by Ward and Pusey as gallantly as he stood by Arnold and Hampden. His foes were never men, but falsehoods and cruelties and wrongs in whatever armor. Always he held with those who sought for the widest liberty and the most generous inclusiveness. He would ever strive to make the visible and the invisible Church coterminous. As much as might be, he passed out of the arena of controversy and busied himself with his books and his pupils. He knew how to make the page of his textbook "glow with the light of wisdom and poetry." The charm of his teaching was "simply irresistible." He gave his students "his heart and his best gifts," as well as large pecuniary aid, freely and delicately bestowed upon those who needed it. It is curious to know that the ready and copious writer of after-years at this time shrank from sermonizing, declaring that he "could see his way to twelve sermons and no more." He had not yet discovered, as a *naïve* student once said, "what a surprising number of good texts there are in the Bible!" His flow was a little checked, perhaps, by feeling himself under suspicion from a clerical generation which dreaded German theology in the lump and knew no distinction between Strauss and Ewald. There are men to-day who draw no line between Voltaire and Renan. For his own part, Stanley was "fearless, and could afford to be bold." Assuming no party badge, uttering no clamorous war-cry, fighting with his own sling and stone, he found few to stand beside him. Detesting, as Arnold did and Paul did, the spirit of party, there was danger that he might become "a bigot against intolerance." Mr. Prothero says that he did; but the epigram is not quite just. Stanley would allow no diversities of temper or opinion to sever him from anyone who followed Christ, as the Way, the Truth, and the Life. When Dr. Liddon and Dr. Pusey would hardly own that Maurice and Jowett and Stanley were disciples of *their* Christ, still Stanley urgently offered them the pulpit of the Abbey to freely preach their Gospel. His charity could span all chasms of opinion. He had no doubt that truth would prevail.

In 1849 Bishop Stanley died, sincerely mourned throughout his diocese. His son had

learned to honor a father with whom he had not overmuch in common. "The crash, the gloom, the uprooting, and the void" left by the death were at first overwhelming. Stanley for a season was driven forth from his books into practical business cares for his mother and sisters in the breaking up of their home, and learned "to sympathize more than ever before with the working part of the world in everyday life." The burden soon grew heavier. Within three months both his brothers died, and, succeeding to the small family estate, he could no longer hold his fellowship. He had just declined the deanery at Carlisle. He was presently glad to accept the post of Canon at Canterbury, and make his home there for half a dozen years.

Before this, all England was shaken with the Gorham controversy. For Stanley it was not a question of the meaning of baptism, but of the right of his clerical brethren to resist a test imposed by a Bishop without color of law, and the larger question still, should the English Church be rent and a large body of its devoted clergy be driven forth from it. He took his ardent part in the struggle, fighting, as always, for what he believed to be liberty and peace. But he recognized that "no man ever threw himself into controversy without regretting the plunge." "I have had some misgivings," he wrote, "about my article [in the 'Edinburgh']. I fear St. John would hardly have approved of it"; and "I am a real St. John's man," he might have added, in the words of our own Muhlenburg. Yet St. John was at times notably plain of speech. There are junctures when charity does not forbid even an apostle to say "thou fool" or "this is the deceiver and the antichrist." Stanley's conscience was a sensitive organ. How droll his scruples must seem to some modern hammerers of heresy, who, sharing the temper of the Puritans without their convictions, are ready to hew Agag in pieces before the Lord, in the columns of church newspapers! So intense is their zeal for the inspiration of the Bible that they even transmute its warnings into examples, and when it says, as in the ninth commandment for example, "Thou shalt not," reply thankfully "I will, Lord." It were not strange if Stanley's gentle tolerance should supply them a fresh occasion to blaspheme.

From this time on, Stanley's life — at Canterbury from 1851 to 1857, at Oxford as Professor of Ecclesiastical History until 1863, and for the eighteen years that followed at West-

minster,— was mainly that of the ardent student and brilliant writer of Church History. There were frequent episodes of travel, there were dashes into the arena of Convocation, there were the diversions of society. He accompanied the Prince of Wales to Egypt and Palestine. He married the Duke of Edinburgh in the Imperial Chapel at St. Petersburg. He visited America, and was the guest of Phillips Brooks. But mainly he was scholar and author. Having written the best religious biography in our language, he proceeded to write brilliant volumes upon Canterbury as its Canon and upon Westminster as its Dean. He wrote the best volume extant in English upon Sinai and Palestine. He wrote luminous lectures on the Eastern Church and the Scottish Church, and traced the whole course of Hebrew history from Abraham to the Maccabees, treading in Ewald's steps and anticipating some of Renan's conclusions. He made the Old Testament a living book. Men of all schools profit by his labors. His volumes, with their clear, rich, flowing style, and wealth of illustration, have become classics. Everybody helps himself to their contents without shame, knowing that the theft will be recognized, condoned, and imitated. Those who regard their author as anathema still illuminate their sermons with his glowing descriptions, and pay unwilling tribute to his fame.

For a few years the Dean's life at Westminster was brightened by a late but most fortunate marriage. Then the brief blessing was withdrawn, and Stanley, the lonelier for the experience of a perfect companionship, lived on and labored on, somewhat wearily. Loving friends ministered to him. Travel and society more or less dulled his pain. It was after his wife's death that he visited this country, and found a tonic influence in (what Bryce noted afterwards) the special hopefulness of American life. But his work was done. The causes he had championed had won their way. Men spoke their thought with freedom and were tolerant of differences that once had sharply divided them. The progress of the higher criticism had made what had been heresies received opinions. The Bible which he loved, the Hebrew history which he had illuminated, were become more familiar and more precious for his labors. Their inspiration was altogether unimpaired, though he had brushed away the dust and cobwebs from the covers of the sacred volume and recognized the existence of fly-specks on its ancient and precious pages. The

Church of England was the less imperilled because he had done his best to lift its life a little above the moods of party; to interpret its formularies largely, in the spirit rather than the letter; to draw representatives of opposed opinions into a bond of peace; to free churchmen from the overbearing weight of hard ecclesiasticism; to uphold the Living Spirit against spectres evoked from the darkest ages of Christian history; to point courageously forward, not with melancholy backward, for the ideal of the Church.

What a rich life it had been — rich in love and honors, in service and reward! The boy who won all hearts and all the prizes, kept on winning them to the end. The Queen's friend, the favored guest of princes, the cherished companion of scholars and men of letters, won the devotion of the working-men, whom he loved to lead through the aisles of the Abbey, interpreting as they went its monuments and descanting on its history. Did he ever make an enemy? If he did, he probably soon converted him into a friend. Canon Wordsworth protested against his appointment as Dean of Westminster. He avenged himself by paying tribute in his earliest sermon to good work which the protesting Canon had done. His Chapter sometimes opposed him, but they could not make him quarrel with them. He respected their consciences, while asserting firmly the right of his own.

He had his faults, like other men. He bemoaned his "fatal irresolution," but it only disturbed himself and his inner circle. He perhaps loved peace even idolatrously, and in his concern for charity risked seeming indifference to truth. He would refuse to see the great gulf fixed between him and those over against him, which narrower eyes saw very well. He too much identified the English Establishment with the Church of Christ. His ministry was more to the Church at large than to individual men. An aristocrat by temper and circumstance, he was more optimistic than if his lot had been less favorably cast. He was curiously dependent upon others in all his minor habitudes. There was a "quaint, pathetic helplessness" about him, half vexing, half endearing. With all his gentleness he was pugnacious, and thought peace worth seeking at the cannon's mouth. But he enriched the life and literature of his time. In all his encounters he never dodged, nor struck an unfair blow. He spared his enemies, he championed his friends. Those who scarce confessed him a disciple were won by

his works, though they had been frightened by his words. The churches of all English speaking lands are the better for his living. The heresies of the hour become the orthodoxy of the ages. The memory of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley will endure and be precious so long as men love and value tolerance and peace. And some do still.

C. A. L. RICHARDS.

THE MYTHICAL WELSH DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.*

The question of the Welsh discovery of America has engaged the attention of the public more or less for the last three hundred years. The theory was first enunciated by Humphrey Lloyd, in the sixteenth century; and since then there have been continually-recurring discussions of the subject, both in the native press of Wales and elsewhere. In the exhaustive bibliography prepared by Mr. Paul Barron Watson and published in the writer's "America not Discovered by Columbus," Mr. Watson gives no less than fifty-one books and essays on "Discovery by the Welsh"; and this list does not include the vast amount of literature on the subject which has appeared from time to time in Wales.

The work of Mr. Stephens was written for competition at the celebrated Llangollen Eisteddfod, held on September 21, 1858, and the three following days. The subject for competition was announced in these terms: "For the best essay upon the Discovery of America in the twelfth century by Prince Madoc ap Owain Gwynedd, prize £20 and a silver star." Six essays were sent in, five of which assumed the truth of the Welsh tradition. In the remaining essay, under the assumed name of "Gwenerth Engydlyn," Mr. Stephens, after presenting an almost exhaustive summary of the literature of the subject, and marshalling all the evidence usually cited for and against the Cambrian story, subjected them to a rigid criticism, and finally declared himself a disbeliever in the tale,

"How Madoc from the shores of Britain spread
The adventurous sail."

It is this essay which is now given to the public in a sumptuous volume. The Eisteddfod committee to award the prize being aware of the existence of this negative essay, decided that, it being not on the Discovery but on the

Non-discovery of America by Madoc, it was not on the given subject, and must therefore be excluded from the competition. This led to a bitter contest, the echoes of which are still reverberating in the world's press. The most competent member of the committee, the distinguished scholar Silvan Evans, resigned, and disgraceful scenes took place at the Eisteddfod. The fourth centenary celebration in honor of Columbus seemed an opportune time for giving the manuscript of Mr. Stephens to the public; and this has been done through the capable editorship of Mr. Llywarch Reynolds, the author having carefully revised the work before his death.

The book is divided into three parts, the first presenting all the literature of the subject, and leaving the statements, without note or comment, to make their own impression on the reader; the second passing in review the opinions of the various writers who have treated the subject pro and con, and thus exhibiting the impressions produced by the facts upon other minds; and the third giving a critical discussion of the whole subject by the author. By this method there is of course involved no little diffuseness, the same facts being marshalled for three different purposes; but the result is that the subject is discussed in all its bearings, and the treatment made absolutely exhaustive.

A personal reference at this point may be permitted. In 1874, when I prepared my little book on the Norse discovery of America in the tenth and eleventh centuries, I had examined, though rather superficially, some of the writers who held the discovery of Madoc to be a demonstrated fact; and while I had no means of making a thorough study of the question, I came to look upon the Welsh claim as not only possible but even probable, and accordingly stated in that work that "It is generally believed, and not without reason, that the ancestors of the Welsh, under the leadership of Madoc, made a settlement in this country about the year 1170." But after reading Mr. Stephens's exhaustive work, with its overwhelming weight of argument, I am bound to revise my former opinion, and to say that he has not left a single shred of supposed evidence unrefuted. I believe no candid reader can rise from the perusal of "Madoc" with any other impression than that the story is not founded on facts. The supposed discovery is not an historic narrative, but merely a legend which has had its day and must henceforth be put in its proper place in the list with the Welsh "Mabinogion."

* AN ESSAY ON THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY MADOC AP OWAIN GWYNEDD, in the Twelfth Century. By Thomas Stephens. Edited by Llywarch Reynolds. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

The Welsh, on whose minds the Madoc story has taken a firm hold and has had all the force of a patriotic sentiment, should not regret that it has at length been effectually relegated to the domain of fiction. Mr. Stephens's work, with all its iconoclasm, shows that the Welsh race possesses men capable of self-analysis and historical criticism. And, indeed, the Welsh have an abundance of other things of which they may well be proud. They speak one of the parent languages of the world, a language which holds an enviable position in comparative philology. They have an ancient literature, which scholars in every land are translating and illustrating. They have an honorable history, much of which yet lies hid in bardic materials. The Welsh furnished the Norman Trouvères with the material for the Arthurian and British romances. Spenser found among the Welsh the materials for "The Faërie Queen"; and without Welsh traditions Shakespeare could not have written his immortal "Lear" or "Cymbeline." While Welshmen can lay no claim to the glories and renown that belong to Leif Erikson and Columbus as discoverers of America, they have secured many a place of honor in the annals of the United States. The clinging to the Madoc legend in the future can only tend to lower Welshmen's reputation as truthful men, and thus injure their credit as a people of sterling worth. Mr. Stephens's verdict must be accepted as final.

RASMUS B. ANDERSON.

because he painted his mother with a Bible in her hand, in lieu of some other book, is not sufficient proof to warrant any such inference, or to account for the fact that Rembrandt so often painted Bible stories in his pictures. Would M. Michel argue that all painters who painted religious pictures were "pious brought up" at their mothers' knee, we wonder? And if the argument hold good, why was not Rembrandt's mother a pagan Greek teaching Greek mythology to her son, since he painted mythological as well as Biblical subjects? There are a great string of these "perhapses" and "probablys" running through the first volume, which are interesting enough as speculations, — but the pity of them is that the next writer of a Rembrandt life will put them down as absolute facts, and in a few years we shall have a house-of-cards history of Rembrandt that will eventually have to be knocked down just as M. Michel has knocked down the Rembrandt histories of the past. That is the way history and biography are made, and it accounts very well for the continual re-making that has been going on since the world began.

And, after all, what is the use of all this study into the minutiae of a life like Rembrandt's? People are interested in him as a painter, not a man of the world. His was not a life of action, or of any great social or political importance. He was not a Napoleon, a Mirabeau, or even a romantic Antonello da Messina, or a travelled Rubens. His life was quiet, sedate, and thoroughly Dutch, not differing essentially from that of his contemporaries. Born of middle-class parents, at Leyden, in 1606, he was the fifth of six children. We know nothing of his boyhood, and little more of his education. He was sent to the university, but at fifteen he had decided to become a painter and was a pupil of Swanenburch. In 1624 he went to Amsterdam, and for about six months was a pupil of Lastman. This ended his apprenticeship at painting; and as for his skill as an etcher, no one knows who taught it to him or whether he just picked it up through native genius. He returned to Leyden, established himself as an independent artist, and soon rose to fame, money, and some pupils. Then, in 1631, he went back to Amsterdam, to live there permanently and to become the people's painter of the time. In 1634 he married Saskia van Uylenborch, a young woman of better family and more money than he possessed, with whom he lived happily up to the time of her death. In 1639 he bought, and

REMBRANDT AGAIN.*

The oft-told story of Agassiz reconstructing the skeleton of a rare fish from one small bone brought to him by a fisherman, is applicable to the new life of Rembrandt by Emile Michel. There are only one or two bones in the whole life of Rembrandt, but M. Michel has made a complete skeleton from them, and not only put blood and brains into it, but has clothed it with moral, social, and religious qualities. Unfortunately, M. Michel's historic method is not so satisfying as Agassiz's scientific method; and the reader may indulge in some doubts about the basic statements which start as guesses and finally end up as uncontroverted facts.

"Perhaps" Rembrandt learned a great deal about Bible story from his mother's knee; but

* *REMBRANDT: His Life, His Work, and His Time.* By Emile Michel. From the French by Florence Simmonds. Edited by Frederick Wedmore. In two volumes, illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

fitted up with many objects of art, the much-talked-about house in the Breestraat. He was then at the height of his fame, making money and spending it lavishly, devoted to his art and his wife, and to all appearance serenely happy. In 1642 Saskia died, leaving Rembrandt a year-old son, Titus, and the bulk of her property, which was considerable. From that time began the decline of his fame and his prosperity, but not of his art. He worked on in the Breestraat house, and took for a mistress and model his house-servant, Hendrickje Stoffels. Carelessness and extravagance in money matters followed, and in 1656 he was declared a bankrupt and sold out of house and home—the art collections going for a song to the Jews and hawkers. He then wandered from pillar to post about Amsterdam, domiciled in various places, and protected from his creditors in a measure by the efforts of Titus and Hendrickje. About 1664 Hendrickje died, and in 1668 Titus too passed away. The painter, outclassed in popular esteem by the peddling little men of the paint-brush who had arisen, steeped in poverty and comparative obscurity, aged and quite forsaken, at last gave up the struggle and died in 1669.

Such are the bare facts of a commonplace life; and the only thing that makes them at all interesting to us is that this life was led by one of the greatest painters of any time or country. Undoubtedly his sorrows and trials had their effect upon his art, for he was a man of much feeling,—and herein lies the answer to our previous question and the chief value of M. Michel's extensive researches. He has followed chronologically Rembrandt's life and work, showing his varying styles of art and their probable origin in the varying circumstances of his life. Some of this is strained in inference to the breaking point, and still more is mere over-subtile conjecture; but it is readable, and often suggestive. There is matter more pertinent in the discussion of dates, and attributions, and all that, because M. Michel had the pictures to work from. Besides this, the author has brought together an exhaustive mass of shrewd criticism reviewing every important work that Rembrandt ever etched or painted, and illuminating it not only by the text, but by a vast number of plates and reproductions. Probably no one was better qualified to do this work than M. Michel. He was in perfect sympathy with his subject before he began to write, had studied it for years, was surrounded and saturated with Rembrandt's

art, and from the art drew the character of the man. If his sympathy has sometimes made him a partisan, it is not to be wondered at, since his cause was a good one.

For Rembrandt was a remarkable man in the annals of art, a superb etcher and a supreme painter, whose like it is not probable we shall see again. Primarily he was a portrait painter. The single figure was more consonant with his art-methods than the composed group. That was probably due to several causes. He was no lover of the traditional or academic, and never followed school formulæ in composition to any extent. His composition was his own, and it was sometimes good and sometimes bad. He had not a particle of what has been called "style," had no care for line as line, and was uniquely individual in the picturesque. With peculiar methods that became dominant in his art and were opposed to classic composition, he often distorted lights and shadows, and built up certain portions of a composition by dragging down other portions; and this, while a forceful method of procedure with the single figure, as his portraits attest, was not perhaps the best method of handling composed groups, as a number of his large figure-pieces attest. His mastery of light-and-shade rather militated against his composition, just as it bleached and often falsified his color. Fine in many instances as a colorist, he was prone to destroy the purity and value of tones by subordination; and, positive as he was in handling, he at times lapsed into heaviness and ineffectual kneading.

Mentally, he was a man keen to observe, assimilate, and synthesize. His conception was localized with his own people and time (he never built up the imaginary or followed Italy), and yet into types taken from the streets and shops of Amsterdam he infused the very largest humanity through his inherent sympathy with man. Dramatic, even tragic, he was at times, and yet showed it less in vehement action than in passionate expression. He had a way of striking universal truths through the human face, a turned head, bent body, or outstretched hand, that was powerful in the extreme. His people have great dignity and character, and we are made to feel that they are types of the Dutch race—people of substantial physique, slow in thought and impulse, yet capable of feeling, comprehending, enjoying, suffering. His landscapes, again, are a synthesis of all Dutch landscape, a grouping of the great truths of light, space, and air.

Whatever he turned his mind upon was treated with that breadth of view that overlooks the little and grasps the great. He painted many subjects, dating from 1627 to the time of his death, and at first was a little sharp in detail and cold in coloring. After 1654 he grew much broader in handling and warmer in coloring; tending, toward the end of his life, to rather hot tones. His domestic troubles served only to heighten and deepen his art, and perhaps his best canvases were painted under stress of circumstances and in sadness of heart. His life is another proof, if needed, that the greatest truths and beauties are to be seen only through tears. Too bad for the man! but the world—the same ungrateful, selfish world that has always lighted its torch at the funeral pyres of genius—is the gainer.

These two quartos are handsomely gotten up in the matter of paper, printing, and binding; and the upwards of three hundred illustrations are a mine in themselves, giving as they do the best of the master's work. Both as a readable book and as a book of reference, no Rembrandt-lover's library can be complete without it. Mr. Frederick Wedmore has edited it, and compiled for it several serviceable indexes, with knowledge and discrimination; and the task of translating from the French seems to have fallen into good hands.

JOHN C. VAN DYKE.

the author and compiler sets out upon the most interesting portion of his volume, the introduction, embracing fifty-two pages and divided into fourteen sections, wherein, after sketching the effort made, amid the greatest difficulties, to develop the ecclesiastical department of the late Census, he comments upon the "Variety in Religion," "Denominational Titles," and the "Causes of Division." He does this with considerable humor, though he furnishes much food for sober reflection for those whose minds are fixed upon the subject of Christian Unity. It is to lighten the statistician's labors by securing a scientific nomenclature, that Dr. Carroll chiefly favors reunion; and he drolly adds: "And why such reunion has not taken place in scores of instances, I cannot explain, except by the prevalence of the doctrine of the perseverance of saints. It must be that the saints of the sects think they ought to persevere in sectarian division."

One must needs have a well developed sense of humor to deal statistically, and without losing temper, with the difficulties presented in having to classify four distinct bodies of "Brethren," popularly known as, yet disclaiming the name of, "Plymouth Brethren" (who can only be distinguished by the Roman numerals I., II., III., IV.), twelve varieties of Presbyterians, thirteen of Baptists, and seventeen of Methodists. And among them all, the only denominational title which Dr. Carroll finds to be really definitive is that of the "Old Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarian Baptists." By reducing the one hundred and forty-three denominations he encounters to "denominational families," he still has forty-two such families on his hands, while we venture to assert that many of the members of these families would repudiate the parentage he has assigned to them. His attempt to create a "Catholic" family to include the Roman Catholics, the Greek Catholics (Uniates), the Russian Orthodox, the Greek Orthodox, the Armenians, the Old Catholics, and the Reformed Catholics, and leaving out the "Protestant Episcopalian" (who daily assert their belief in the Holy Catholic Church, and frankly admit that if their church be not Catholic it has no right to exist), is a curious blunder.

As might be expected, Dr. Carroll brings to light many religious curiosities. He includes in his Census Report one denomination with as few as twenty-five members; and with reluctance excludes one with twenty-one members, because unorganized, its twenty-one members

THE RELIGIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.*

To inaugurate a series of denominational histories illustrative of the religious development of our country, Dr. H. K. Carroll has undertaken to give, in a handsome octavo volume of 440 pages, entitled "The Religious Forces of the United States," some of the results of his investigations on behalf of the Eleventh United States Census. He anticipates to some extent the eleven volumes which are to follow his and give the history of twenty more or less flourishing religious denominations; but, deriving his material wholly from the Census bulletins (not yet published), his purpose is "to describe and classify all denominations so as to give a clear idea of the character and strength of the religious forces of the United States." Thus

* AMERICAN CHURCH HISTORY. VOLUME I., THE RELIGIOUS FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES, Enumerated, Classified and Described on the Basis of the Government Census of 1890. With an Introduction on the condition and character of American Christianity. By H. K. Carroll, LL.D., in charge of the Division of Churches, Eleventh Census. New York: The Christian Literature Co.

being in three different States. If the author's ability to maintain such absolute impartiality, in his dealing with the various denominations, as not to betray his sympathy with any particular one, were the grounds upon which the Superintendent of the Eleventh Census made choice of Dr. Carroll to take charge of the Division of Churches, the choice is fully justified by the book before us. But there are other indications of the wisdom of the selection; and while we await the appearance of the Census Report, this summary furnishes some racy as well as some more serious (though always entertaining and instructive) reading.

ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL.

THE FRESHEST VOICE AMONG LATIN
POETS.*

English students of Catullus have hitherto been dependent chiefly on the two learned and costly volumes of Mr. Robinson Ellis. For class-room use there has been available a severely sifted selection of the most proper verses, with useful notes, by Mr. F. P. Simpson, in the ugly little scarlet covers of Macmillan's Classical Series. There was a strongly-felt need for a complete edition of moderate size and agreeable form. We think Professor Merrill's work will satisfactorily fill this need. It is especially pleasant to welcome an edition of a classic, by an American scholar, which is neither "based on" nor translated from any German book. This pleasure has, unhappily, the added charm of extreme rarity. Mr. Merrill has also the courage of his individuality, and usually prefers to state his own understanding of his author, rather than to compile from earlier editors. Further, he appreciates the fact that Catullus lives as a poet, and as such he interprets him, with sympathy and hearty interest. Of course the requirements of a school-book, and especially of a series, set limits to this latter quality of an editor, but it shines through in frequent brief comments—and especially in the cautious reconstruction of Catullus's life and poetic development, which fills pp. xii.-xxxvi.

It is well known that we are dependent for this poet upon copies of a single old MS. which was discovered early in the fourteenth century,—and subsequently disappeared again. Professor Merrill gives (pp. 227-263) a careful

list of the readings in the two oldest of these copies, from which he evidently believes all others are in turn derived. That will apparently suffice, at least for all who accept this theory as to the younger copies: which theory is, however, vigorously combatted by Mr. Ellis in the last edition of his work. Almost any college student will doubtless be more than satisfied with this much *apparatus criticus*.

The book is, then, timely, attractive, and apparently by a competent hand. It is likely to restore Catullus to college curricula, much more widely than he is now read. This is a pleasant prospect, for his voice is far more direct, genuine, human, so to speak, than any other that has reached us from the Roman world. As has been said of him before, he also represents, more fully than perhaps any other poet, what youth can accomplish—and what it cannot. He arouses in almost every youthful reader a feeling which the other Latin poets rarely call forth: enthusiastic sympathy. All this gives us the better right to qualify our welcome with frank criticism of certain minor details.

We find no statement at all of the relation of this edition to its predecessors. But Ellis, in particular, like Mayor for Juvenal and Munro for Lucretius, has so pre-empted Catullus in a monumental work, that an English editor should at least either acknowledge a heavy indebtedness, or claim independence in explicit words. There are valuable German investigations (like those of Schwabe) which Professor Merrill undoubtedly utilized largely, and also useful school editions (by Riese and others) which he should have consulted. If this silence is a rule of the series, so much the worse.

Certain qualities of Catullus—his audacity, his fiery rebelliousness against authorities and dignitaries, his irrepressible sense of the grotesque, his fury in love and hate,—are so omnipresent that no poem, no line, can be safely interpreted where they are left out of the account. Few among our expounders of the classics are fitted by age and temper to appreciate such qualities fully. Perhaps Professor Merrill does not always give them due weight. Thus, on the famous poem of seven lines devoted to Marcus Cicero (c. 49), we are told with full assurance: "It is, however, mistakenly understood by many critics to be ironical in tone." We venture to assert that every wide-awake lad who reads those seven verses, or has ever read them, joins in the grin they were meant to call forth.

*CATULLUS. By Elmer T. Merrill, of Wesleyan University. Boston: Ginn & Co.

And first, *a priori*. Did Catullus ever elsewhere show respect, simple and sincere respect, to anyone? To the greatest generals and political powers—*e. g.*, Pompey and Cæsar? The terrible scars left by the verses of No. 29 are the answer. Or to his dearest friends—and to himself? The foul and extravagant figures of 28 lie close at hand. To the woman that had dominated his life? Here it is surely needless to quote. “*Odi et amo*,” he could say, if ever any soul incarnated might. The meaning of “*Diligo*” he never learned. What father can read without something like disgust, remembering what the loves of Catullus and Clodia had really been, his worse than audacious words:

“Then my regard for thee
Was such as is a father's for his sons!”

That Catullus's poems were circulated when written, can be proved, if need be, from Suetonius's statement: “Cæsar, conscious that he was himself indelibly branded by the verses,” etc. The “catchy” hendecasyllables of the audacious young Provincial were surely laughed over in clubs, if not set to music and sung in the streets. Thus the poem No. 21 has no other purpose than to call down ridicule upon a rival in love:

“Aurelius, sire of starvelings thou,—
Nor only those existing now,—
Of all who lived in ages gone,
Or shall until the years are done.”

(The rest is abusive words which our speech cannot render.) Shortly after, in a brief poem to the young Juventius, over whose charms the quarrel with Aurelius had arisen, he repeats the refrain:

“Of all Juventii thou'rt the flower:
Nor only of this present hour:—
Of all who lived in ages gone,
Or shall until the years are done.”

(And a rival is assailed, somewhat less coarsely, in the few remaining verses of this poem also.) With another day comes a less reprehensible grievance. “What injury has the great orator done you, Catullus?” “He has tried to patronize the impecunious young Transpadane, a thing no man shall ever do! And the town shall hear me thank him!” To cut off all doubt, the freshest voice among Latin poets chooses to employ a *third* time the tag all Rome knew by heart:

“Most eloquent, Marcus Tullius,
Art thou of the sons of Romulus;
Of all who lived in ages gone,
Or shall until the years are done.
Catullus thanks you heartily:
The wretchedest of poets he;—
As far as poets wretchedest,
As thou'rt of all men patron best.”

As evidence that in private, at least, among the enlightened, the absurd side of the Romulus-myth was appreciated and familiarly handled, we need only cite Cicero's own expression (Atticum, act II. 1-8): “Cato talks as though we were living in Plato's Utopia, and not, as we are, in the rogue's asylum of Romulus.” (Jeans.)

As to “*pessimus poeta*,” our editor says: “Catullus also speaks of himself with excessive modesty in addressing his patron Nepos in I.” Well, yes. He makes his bow to his mature, eminent, learned friend (not without a mocking sigh over the learning):

“This dainty little book and new,
Just polished with the pumice, who
Shall now receive?
—Cornelius, you!

“For these my trifles even then
You counted of some value, when
You only of Italian men
“Into three volumes dared to cast
The story of all ages past:
Learned,—oh Jupiter,—and vast!”

Perhaps there is a touch of Shelley's royal modesty, as he slips the little roll into Nepos' hand, “So take it, prize it as you may”; but the murmured prayer as he turns,

“And, gracious virgin, this I pray:
That it may live beyond our day!”

is surely a far cry from “*pessimus poeta*.” It is less blunt than the assurance of Catullus's distant kinsman,

“Nennt man die grössten Namen,
So wird auch der meine genannt.”

but Catullus, like Heine, sinned little through self-depreciation. Possibly modest Mark Tully smiled indulgently, and thought the compliment not ill-turned; but certainly the bad boys laughed—so loudly, perhaps, that even *pater patriæ* had an uneasy suspicion, as he passed on, that the fast young *cantores Euphorionis* sometimes made game of pompous dignitaries.

But we have a more serious final exception to take. Catullus, of all men, never hesitated to say what he meant. It is perilous for a commentator to assume that he does not mean the thing he says. *Exempli gratia*: the poem in honor of the yacht which had brought her master safe home from the Black Sea is a general favorite. Now this voyage may have been in 56 B. C. Catullus's death is generally set about 54,—though only because no later allusions can be positively cited from his poems. Dean Smith has discussed this poem in “*Harvard Studies*” (Vol. III.), with great ingenuity and thoroughness. He insists that the craft could not be spoken of as “growing old”

only two or three years after her first voyage. Alas, the Dean surely never owned a yacht, then! Again, the voyage began at Amastris on the Euxine; while in another poem Catullus takes leave of his fellow-officers at Nicæa, two hundred and fifty miles nearer home. This is as if an Englishman returning home from Bangor should take ship at New York! Hence Professor Smith puts the voyage back into the generation before the poet, assigning it to some roving friend of Catullus's father. The chief objection to all this is that it destroys the only sentiment and significance the poem ever had.

Professor Merrill praises, and rejects, this presentation by his editor-in-chief, and puts forth another theory, presumably a new one. The poem, he tells us, is a dedicatory inscription, written not for the real yacht, but for a miniature model thereof, consecrated in a temple of Castor and Pollux, as a thank-offering. Both scholars deny that the poet could have brought his vessel home to his beloved Sermione on the Lago di Garda,—because it would have been extravagant, and Catullus came home from Bithynia poor.

As to the sentiment of the matter, I appeal with confidence to lovers of poetry and of yachting. But on matters of fact, we have just one source of information: the verses of Catullus. He does jest elsewhere of his purse-full of cobwebs, of his mean and stingy commander-in-chief in the Orient, etc. But the poverty of this lord of several country-seats, this leader of young Rome, is of the jaunty and gentlemanly sort. Of course his income is narrow. He craves a fortune to fling away on a banquet, an amour, a pearl.

Catullus clung to his Italian promontory—especially when far away from it. He loved that yacht—at least in retrospect. He would have them together. It would be costly, difficult, unheard of, to work her up the Po and Mincio to Garda? Reasons enough, surely, these, why the thing must be done! What old Assian, staid and stout and come to forty year though he be, would not give more than he can afford to see the dear unmanageable old Mezethra rotting at a Yankee wharf-side, instead of by the mole of Mitylene?

But the poet was rarely at home on Sermione, rarely at leisure to sail when there; and Garda was but a landlocked millpond to the craft built to brave the Pontus's storms and the cliffs of the Propontis. And so "*Senet quiete*," "*In peace she's growing old.*" If he built a shrine to the Sailors' Friends upon his windy

promontory, and, anchoring under its shadow, dedicated his craft to them, she was so much the safer and fitter to bear the "pious bard." This, we submit, Catullus says plainly enough. Who shall correct him?

WILLIAM C. LAWTON.

RECENT FICTION.*

Among the novels accumulated during the past few weeks there is no difficulty in selecting the one that stands out above all the others, and comes as near to being a masterpiece as this degenerate age of English fiction will permit any novel to do. And, strange to say, although written in English, it is not the work of an English novelist at all, but of that genial Dutchman who calls himself "Maarten Maartens," and whose name was absolutely unknown to the literary public of four years ago. "*The Greater Glory*" is an ambitious work, but in performance it justifies both the scale upon which it was planned and the aims which it sought to accomplish. Let us hasten to say, lest the words just used should be misunderstood, that the story is not didactic in any narrow or obtrusive sense, but that it merely exhibits the moral purpose of all great fiction, and seeks to set the realities of life over against the conventions and the shams, to contrast its superficial aspects with its profound inner significance. Readers of "*God's Fool*" will remember how effectively the author had already pursued this method, how distinctly he had kept this contrast in view. "*The Greater Glory*" produces the same general impression, and has the advantage

* *THE GREATER GLORY.* A Story of High Life. By Maarten Maartens. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE RECIPE FOR DIAMONDS. By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

CATHARINE FURZE. By Mark Rutherford. New York: Macmillan & Co.

A GRAY EYE OR SO. By Frank Frankfort Moore. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT. By Beatrice Harraden. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A WOMAN OF FORTY. A Monograph. By Esme Stuart. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

CHRISTINA CHARD. By Mrs. Campbell-Praed. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A DAUGHTER OF THIS WORLD. By Fletcher Battershall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

APPRENTICES TO DESTINY. By Lily A. Long. New York: Merrill & Baker.

A PROTEGÉ OF JACK HAMLIN'S, AND OTHER STORIES. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: Harper & Brothers.

MADEMOISELLE MISS. By Henry Harland. New York: Lovell, Coryell & Co.

THE WATCHMAKER'S WIFE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

PARISIAN POINTS OF VIEW. By Ludovic Halévy. Translated by Edith V. B. Matthews. New York: Harper & Brothers.

of dealing with more natural conditions. There was a trace of the repulsive in the former story, and the attention of its readers was too much diverted by the curious psychological questionings that could not fail to be suggested by the character of the *reine Thor* who was the hero. The hero of "The Greater Glory" has all five of his senses, and is none the less a hero in the spiritual sense. Lovable in childhood as in manhood, his growth from the one stage to the other is depicted with subtle psychological insight. As for the Baron, with his old-world notions of faith and duty and honor, we pity the reader who can stand by his deathbed with undimmed eyes, or without feeling the better for having lived with him. He is instinctively enshrined in the memory along with Colonel Newcome and the good Bishop Hugo's best known novel. "The Greater Glory" is far from being a perfect work of fiction —there are few such in the world—and its defects are easily discernible. It is confused in structure, and its architectural analogue would be some irregular Gothic cathedral with unrestrained grotesque ornamentation. In style, also, it is lacking, being over-colloquial and addicted to mannerism. But it gives us such a picture of manners and morals as only the greater novelists are capable of drawing, and it is informed throughout with a nobility of sentiment that makes of it a singularly helpful and wholesome piece of literature.

Is there something in the atmosphere of the Balearic Islands to stimulate the imagination and incite to the spinning of wild and preposterous yarns? Twice within a few months we have read novels having their scene in those islands, and in each case the plot has been something distinctly out of the common. "The Recipe for Diamonds" was, according to Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, formulated by no less distinguished a character than Raymond Lully, and by him intrusted to the keeping of an underground Minorcan vault. To this spot certain modern adventurers, taking their cue from an ancient manuscript, were led, and the secret was caught by a photographic plate. The original inscription being then destroyed, the undeveloped plate remained in sole possession, and this plate, unfortunately, lost the record forever by exposure. So the reader is left none the wiser for it all, and the adventurers get nothing for their pains but a small jar of diamonds, made by the aforesaid Raymond Lully, and buried with the recipe as evidence that it had been a real working formula. This outline of the story gives but a slight notion of its exciting character, and no notion at all of the cleverness with which its characters and its incidents are fitted together. It is as good, in a way, as many of Mr. Kipling's many inventions, and there is not a little art in its elaborate artlessness. It brings one into contact with life itself, which is a more worthy task than that of making reflections, however subtly analytical, about life. The reader may be assured that his interest will not be permitted to flag, if he once takes up the book for the amusement of an idle hour.

"Catharine Furze" is a book written under the stress of religious emotion, and will appeal to the reflective mind. Yet it may hardly be described as a novel with a purpose, unless we admit as a purpose its tacit plea for the importance of the religious motive as a determining factor in everyday life. It is a simple and depressing story of English village people and ways half a century ago. There is something of strength in its delineation of the titular character, and of one or two others, but the book claims more attention for its obvious sincerity than for any artistic quality of structure or characterization.

In reading "A Gray Eye or So" one is struck by the lack of development in the characters. They are absolutely the same from first to last, although the narrative covers time enough to affect their destinies very materially, and although it is the privilege, if not the duty, of the novelist to foreshorten both in time and space. The gravest defect of the story is offered by the hero, who commits an act of unspeakable villainy quite out of keeping with the general tenor of his character. This is bad enough, and that he should have been forgiven for it is worse still. A pervasive element of dry satire contributes not a little to the interest of this book, for it is interesting, although it must be condemned by any exacting standard of literary art. The contrasted types, fixed though they are, supply an excellent diversity, and the conversations are nearly always cleverly managed. If one will forget for an hour his critical standards, he may extract much entertainment from the book.

Miss Harraden's "Ships that Pass in the Night" is a novel, or rather a *nouvelle*, that is fairly deserving of the success that it has already obtained. It is well-written, and excellent in characterization. There are but few figures on the canvas—only two of any consequence—and they are essentially vital in delineation. In the character of the hero, Miss Harraden has attempted the task so triumphantly performed in Charlotte Brontë's "Villette": that of leading us finally to understand and to admire a man who is at first, and to a superficial observer, almost repellent. Her title is suggested by the quatrain,

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown, and a distant voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and silence."

And it might almost equally well have taken for a text Matthew Arnold's more beautiful lines:

"Yes! in the sea of life enshel'd,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless, watery wild,
We mortals million live alone.
The islands feel the encircling flow,
And then their endless bounds they know."

Readers who can feel the pathos of either passage will understand the motive of Miss Harraden's En-gadine idyl without reading it. We should not, however, advise them to take it thus vicariously, for it is well worth an hour's attention.

"A Woman of Forty" is not, *a priori*, the most prepossessing of heroines, but Miss Stuart has made such a heroine interesting, although we are glad that the metal more attractive of a maiden less elderly by half finally wins the day, and carries off the allegiance of the young New Zealander who is given us for a hero. The story is a very slight structure, not unpleasing as a sketch of English social life, but written in a style that is often diffuse and slovenly. On the third page we find such a sentence as, "They demeaned themselves to beg that their special pictures might be one of his exhibited portraits." One does not often trap so inexcusable a vulgarism and so gross a solecism within the limits of one brief phrase.

Mrs. Campbell-Praed's latest novel is an exciting but vastly improbable tale. The characters, from the Australian heroine to the least of her numerous devoted admirers, are stilted and unnatural in most of their actions, and few of them succeed in arousing either sympathy or respect. The padding of the book takes the form of drawing-room and dinner-table conversation, always on tap for the novelist of impoverished ideas; and, considered as mental food, about as satisfactory as sawdust to the physical appetite. Perhaps the best thing in this novel is the sketch of a fashionable London painter, whose conversation is a delightful burlesque of the jargon of his guild.

Mr. Battershall's story, "A Daughter of the World," combines a psychological problem, a study in villainy, and a social sketch, and does not very happily weld together these disparate themes. Its leading motive remotely suggests Tourguénieff's "Faust." The heroine is a young woman who has lost her mother in childhood, and who lives a secluded life with her father, in his country home. The latter, knowing his daughter to have inherited an unusually sensitive and emotional nature, seeks to secure for her a tranquil future by keeping her a child. With this object in view, he entrusts her education to a priest, who is really a disciple of Molinos and a mystic, who becomes her sole teacher and guide, and whose system is directed towards the one end of repressing her natural instincts, and of leading her in the ways of quietism. The plan bids fair to prove successful, when a disturbing element enters her life in the shape of a young man, whom first sympathy, and afterwards love, impels to save her from the consequences of this unnatural discipline. In this effort he is successful, but the outcome is not tragic, as in the Russian masterpiece that has been mentioned. The young woman, after a period of storm and stress, during which she disappears from view, becomes a successful singer, and in this character once more meets the man who stood at the turning-point of her life years before. The end is both natural and commonplace. We think the writer has weakened his story by superadding upon its fundamental structure the stock situations and incidents that mostly make up the

latter half of the book. We could spare both the villainy and the social complications that have been so incongruously attached to the promising central theme. The character of Father Axon, the mystic, is impressively presented, although with a certain tinge of the melodramatic that does not add to its strength. The hero is a somewhat colorless creation, but the heroine is interesting enough to make up for his defects.

One of the minor characters in Miss Long's "Apprentices to Destiny" is a woman who writes novels. Speaking of the problems of her profession, she remarks: "For one thing, there is the little fact that book-reviewers are mostly men and the readers mostly women. If you write with an eye to getting good notices your book isn't read, and if you write for readers the superior critics sniff at you." This is amusing, if exaggerated, but we venture to contribute a trifle towards the disproof of the proposition. For Miss Long's story is clearly written for readers, even for the most feminine of them, yet far from us be the thought of "sniffing" at so clever and genuine a book. There are, indeed, two or three characters that are imperfectly developed, that have not been properly fitted into the economy of the structure, and there are some wordy pages that a more experienced writer would have condensed or omitted; but Miss Long displays so unquestionable a talent for enjoyable and wholesome narrative that we are not disposed to carp at her defects. One of the characters, however, the woman who rejects the man whom she loves to marry him whom she abhors, we find hard to accept. The motives that might impel to such conduct are not distinctly enough displayed to make it seem reasonable. The book toys with socialism to a certain extent—almost enough to make it a novel of tendency,—but the dangerous fascination of that subject for generous and over-emotional minds has not, in the present case, precluded the other interests that are needful for variety's sake, nor has it greatly distorted the writer's sympathies from a just appreciation of the social problem.

A volume of stories by Mr. Bret Harte easily takes precedence over any other collection of fiction in miniature likely to be included in a two months' survey of current novelists' work. There are six stories in Mr. Harte's new volume, five of them Californian, and the other Glaswegian (let us say) in theme. The Californian stories are a little thin, perhaps, but they have the incomparable freshness and interest that the author can give to the simplest sort of a tale. Jack Hamlin and Yuba Bill are old friends of ours, and the other characters are of sufficiently familiar type. "The Heir of the McHulishes" is a story in which the author has turned to account his experiences as our consular representative in Scotland, and his light sure touch is shown at its best in this delightful sketch.

The stream of Mr. Harte's stories, we have every reason to expect, may flow on forever, but Dr.

Doyle's stories, as far as they relate to one Sherlock Holmes, appear to have reached an end with the volume of "Memoirs" now published, for the artistic and imaginative detective finds his match at last in the person of a villain bearing the appropriate name of Moriarty. The cliff by the Swiss Falls of Reichenbach are the scene of the closing catastrophe, which ends the careers of both Sherlock Holmes and the only man who ever successfully outwitted him. The story of this disaster is the last of the dozen contained in the new volume, which is quite as thrilling as any of its predecessors. Apropos of this closing story, we notice that Mr. J. M. Barrie has recently published an amusing skit, scare-headed as follows: "The Late Sherlock Holmes. Sensational Arrest. Watson Accused of the Crime." The following is a characteristic extract from Mr. Barrie's *jeu d'esprit*:

"The public cannot have forgotten that Holmes used to amuse himself in this room with pistol practice. He was such a scientific shot that one evening while Watson was writing he fired all round the latter's head, shaving him by the infinitesimal part of an inch. The result is a portrait on the wall in pistol shots of Watson, which is considered an excellent likeness. It is understood that, following the example set in the Ardlamont case, this picture will be produced in court. It is also in contemplation to bring over the Falls of Reichenbach for the same purpose."

We may also hope, after all, that the rumor reported by Mr. Barrie, according to which "Mr. Sherlock Holmes, at the entreaty of the whole British public, has returned to Baker Street, and is at present solving the problem of 'The Adventure of the Novelist and His Old Man of the Sea,'" is not wholly without foundation.

Of Mr. Henry Harland's five stories, that which comes first on the title-page, "Mademoiselle Miss," far outranks the others. It is a variation upon the text, to the pure all things are pure, for it tells how an English girl, happily innocent of any other than Ollendorfian French, falls among a set of étudiants and étudiantes in a most disreputable pension of the Latin Quarter, lives with them in a joyous *camaraderie* unsullied by the consciousness of any evil, and by her very artlessness subdues them into as devoted a band of worshippers as ever gathered about a pure girl's shrine. The story is a little impossible, but it is very charming. Of the others, "The Funeral March of a Marionette" is a character study of some subtlety, and "A Sleeveless Errand" a semi-humorous sketch with a sadly cynical moral.

Seven of Mr. Stockton's stories, each having its quota of delicious absurdities and matter-of-fact statements of the unexpected, make up a volume that cannot fail to amuse. The story of "Asaph," the village loafer who works with his head, is irresistibly droll, and hardly less so is that of "The Watchmaker's Wife," who so unexpectedly comes down from the skies, or that of "The Knife that Killed Po Haney," and afterwards inoculates its

possessor with the predacious instincts of its whilom owner. It would take a reader of unusual alertness to anticipate the twists and turns of Mr. Stockton's fancy, or to forecast the outcome of one of his entertaining inventions.

We have often wondered why the inimitable short stories of M. Ludovic Halévy should have been missed by the busy tribe of translators. With the possible exception of "La Famille Cardinal" (which ought, perhaps, to be left in the original as an incentive to the mastery of the French language, if not for other reasons), they richly deserved putting into English, and we are glad that a selection of them has now been gracefully done by Edith V. B. Matthews. Nine stories are included in this volume, which is one of the "Odd Number" series. We find, among others, "Only a Waltz," "The Most Beautiful Woman in Paris," "The Insurgent," and "In the Express." Professor Brander Matthews supplies a brief introduction, which happily sketches the literary portrait of M. Halévy, placing stress upon his dramatic faculty, his amiable irony, and his gentle optimism. The whole thing, introduction and translation, is exceptionally well done, and the volume ought to prove the most popular of the series to which it belongs.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Ancient authorship as studied by a modern publisher. In these days of contention, perhaps over-contestation, about the relations of publishers and authors, and their rights and wrongs as regards each other, it is pleasant to see one who has acquired experience and standing as a publisher essaying also the role of authorship, thus identifying himself, at least in feeling, with both classes, and by his widened range of sympathies and experience helping to bridge the gap that too often separates them or makes their attitudes antagonistic. In the case of Mr. George Haven Putnam, our present instance, there is little enough chance of disagreement, since the author is his own publisher, and the relations are presumably those of entire harmony; yet the gain from broadened experience and standpoint must still be present. Mr. Putnam is already well known as a writer on copyright and other practical literary subjects; and his present volume, "Authors and Their Public in Ancient Times," is the expansion of a monograph by him in the cause of International Copyright, to which he has been much devoted. The work is a complete and compendious history of authorship before the introduction of printing. Beginning with the earliest graphic forms of literature, as traced in the tablets of baked-clay found by Layard in the ruins of the palaces of Sennacherib and Assurbanipal (Sardanapalus) in ancient Nineveh, he follows its later records in the papyri found in Egyptian tombs and preserved by the

Greeks when they had Egypt under their control, and thence traces its development onward through the more familiar achievements of Greece and Rome. This current of progress he follows step by step, until (the Hebrew and Christian literature intervening) the monkish rule cast its shadow over the stream, and classic glory was all but blotted out by the destroying hand of bigotry — a hand strong, grimy, and relentless in its killing grasp. The record closes with the fifteenth century, when the invention of printing from movable types vanquished priestly hierarchy and put a stop to its avowed policy of suppressing reason in the interests of blind faith; and thus a new literature began its enduring sway, part of its task being to gather up and preserve the scattered fragments of the older writings. In this beneficent task, Mr. Putnam's book takes its modest but indispensable part. It covers a field hitherto unreaped or reaped but scantily, and offers many curious and suggestive results of the author's research. The long struggle for the mere physical materials with which to perpetuate thought forms in itself a most interesting story. The baked-clay was awkward, crude, and cumbersome; hieroglyphs on exposed surfaces are enduring only in the dry unchanging air of Egypt; papyrus has its season of decay, and its insect enemies; parchment will mould, and mice will eat it; brass plates are costly, and will rust at last. Only paper — frail, perishable paper, the dried pulp of vegetable fibres — forms man's true dependence; for its cheapness makes it plentiful, and by its plentifulness the copies of writings become scattered far and wide, so that though one copy a year may perish, an edition of six thousand copies may endure for a period outlasting recorded time. Other chapters in the history are not less interesting. They are often enlivened with anecdotes and pat quotations, of which the following is an illustration: "You have not treated me fairly," writes Alexander to Aristotle, "in including with your published works the papers prepared for my instruction. For if the scholarly writings by means of which I was educated become the common property of the world, in what manner shall I be intellectually distinguished above ordinary mortals?" How, indeed? might well be echoed by devotees of the modern "limited edition." The method of treatment renders Mr. Putnam's volume eminently readable, while the story that it tells gives one a new sense of the value of that best and cheapest thing in the world, a printed book.

Dr. William Frederick Poole, in accepting the invitation of the Northwestern University to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa address of last June, chose for his subject "The University Library and the University Curriculum." The address is now published (Revell) in book form, and makes excellent reading, as those acquainted with THE DIAL hardly need to be told. Dr. Poole could not write a dull page if he tried, and these particular pages are in his most vigorous

and breezy manner. They open with a plea for the university study of books from a bibliographical point of view, which naturally leads to the question of finding room for such additional work. This gives the author an opportunity to assail existing methods, especially in the teaching of the classical languages. At this point the Mather family are brought in, and their example does yeoman service for the argument. Within eighty years, eight of them were graduated from Harvard, having entered at the average age of less than thirteen. They all had to speak Latin as an entrance condition, and most of them spoke Greek and Hebrew as well. Cotton spoke all three when he entered college at the age of eleven and a half, and besides this "he had composed many Latin treatises, had read Cicero, Ovid, Virgil, and Terence; had finished the Greek New Testament; and had read portions of Homer and Socrates." More than six hundred books were printed by members of the Mather family, and (here the bibliophile appears) "their cost in the markets of the world exceeds that of the writings of any other five families which have ever lived in America." The substance of Dr. Poole's charges against the classical instruction of to-day is that Greek and Latin are not taught as living languages, but are made a sort of stalking-horse for the investigation of syntactical complexities and philological niceties. He probably goes too far in assuming that a language (ancient or modern) to be really known must be learned as a spoken language. We believe the speaking of a foreign language to be a mere knack, superadded upon the real knowledge obtained from its study, but hardly bringing a perceptible increment of culture, or of penetration into the meaning of the language in question. But there are many ways of making a language seem dead to its students besides that of getting along without the dubious aid of *viva voce* chatter, and it is against these ways in general that the author invokes the wrath of the Goddess of Common Sense. At all events, Dr. Poole is a stanch defender of the classics, and his reply to those who call them fetishes is, in substance: Begin to study them earlier, and learn them more thoroughly than you now do. One other point in this address calls for a word of comment. The argument against existing college methods is reinforced by some statistics of college attendance, which seem to show a decline in the ratio of students to total population. As far as Dr. Poole's figures go they are substantially correct, but they do not go far enough. He gives figures for the period from 1840 to 1880, showing a decline of nearly fifty per cent in college attendance relative to population. He then adds: "The disparity is doubtless greater now." But a recent investigation of this subject made by Mr. Merritt Starr shows a remarkable reaction. The decline in (relative) college attendance kept on until 1887, but since then there has been a steady annual gain, and the figures for 1892 bring the record up to the point that had been reached in 1860. In a word, the losses of a

quarter-century have been offset by the gains of five years. Perhaps the moral of all this is that the more vital educational methods championed by Dr. Poole already have a stronger hold upon the colleges than he imagined, and that his attack is made upon a system already moribund, if not defunct.

Compact and readable compendia of European history. That long-suffering person, the "general reader," does not always have reason to be grateful for the efforts made to supply his shelves with compendia of the world's knowledge. But he should welcome the new series of volumes entitled "Periods of European History" (Macmillan), for they will provide him—if the names of their authors count for anything, and if the volume now published may be taken as a measure of those to follow—with a compact and readable narrative from the fall of the Western Empire to the present time. The volume first published covers the period from 476 to 918; that is, to the accession to the German throne of Henry the Fowler, which marked the turning-point in Teutonic (and consequently European) fortunes or misfortunes. Mr. Charles Oman is the author of this volume, being peculiarly fitted for the task by his previous work as historian of the Byzantine Empire. Its special features are, perhaps, besides the attention paid to Byzantine annals, its account of the Lombard kings, and its story of the Mohammedan invasions of Italy and Sicily in the ninth century. If we may judge from this opening volume, English history is not to come within the scope of the work. At all events, there is hardly any mention of Britain in Mr. Oman's pages. Professor Tout has undertaken the second volume, which will take us to the year 1272. The others are in the hands of scholars almost equally well known.

More essays by Mr. Birrell. We need scarcely bespeak a welcome for Mr. Augustine Birrell's latest sheaf of essays, "Men, Women, and Books" (Scribner), an alluring little volume, generally similar in form and contents to his "Obiter Dicta" and "Res Judicatae." We own to a hearty liking for Mr. Birrell—for his wholesome views, for his neat and pointed way of putting them, and for his ability to say a sensible, even a wise, thing in a light and humorous way. In the present volume there are in all nineteen titles, "Dean Swift," "Dr. Johnson," "Sterne," "John Gay," "Hannah More," "Marie Bashkirseff," "Poets Laureate," etc.; rather hackneyed themes some of them, but one does not mind that with Mr. Birrell. The paper on Hannah More, though a little caustic, is delicious—almost as good as Lamb. The author starts out by saying that Hannah "is one of the most detestable writers that ever held a pen," and that "she flounders like a huge conger-eel in an ocean of dingy morality," after which he proceeds to depict the "class" to which she belonged: "This class may be imperfectly described as 'the well-to-do Christian.' It inhabited snug places in the country,

and kept an excellent, if not dainty, table. The money it saved in a ball-room it spent upon a greenhouse. Its horses were fat, and its coachman invariably present at family prayers. Its pet virtue was church twice on Sunday, and its peculiar horrors theatrical entertainments, dancing, and threepenny points. Outside its garden wall lived the poor, who, if virtuous, were forever curtsying to the ground or wearing neat uniforms, except when expiring upon truckle-beds beseeching God to bless the young ladies of the Grange or the Manor House, as the case might be." In another paper Mr. Birrell says a few sensible words touching the importation of "McKinleyism" into literature: "The fact is, it is a weak point in certain American writers 'of the patriotic school' to be forever dragging in and puffing the native article, just because it is native and for no other reason whatever; as if it mattered an atom whether an author whom, whilst you are discussing literature, you find it convenient to quote was born in Boston, Lincoln, or Boston, Massachusetts. One wearis of it indescribably." One does indeed; and we suspect most of our readers will go on preferring Wordsworth and Tennyson to Joel Barlow, and Holmes and Lowell to the "Sweet Singers" of their own respective townships, national and local patriotism to the contrary notwithstanding.

A study of written constitutions.

M. Charles Bourgeaud's "Etablissement et Revision des Constitutions en Amérique et en Europe" (Paris: Thorin) is a solid piece of work that won in 1892 (and well deserved) the Rossi Prize of the Paris Faculté de Droit. It is now published in a series that includes translations from the English of the principal works of Maine and Sir Frederick Pollock, so that it has no reason to complain of its company. The work is a study of the written constitutions of history, from the Connecticut "Fundamental Orders" of 1639 to the latest experiments of the Latin-American republics, with reference to their establishment and the provisions made for their amendment or revision. After an introductory discussion of the written constitution, mainly illustrated by early American examples, the constitutions of the present century are taken up *seriatim*. The fundamental division made by M. Bourgeaud is between the group of charters or "constitutional facts" and the group of truly popular constitutions; that is, constitutions which start out from popular sovereignty as an admitted principle. Under the first head are discussed the German, Latin, and Scandinavian constitutions; under the second, the constitutions of France, Switzerland, and the United States. The author is to be particularly commended for having made a careful study of State constitutions in this country. Most foreign writers ignore them altogether, although they are in many respects more instructive than the Federal Constitution itself. In connection with his analysis of the American constitutional convention and its functions, the

author quotes from Jameson and from Professor von Holst's criticism of Jameson's work. He adds in a note that Professor von Holst, having accepted a chair in the University of Chicago, "va pouvoir lire ailleurs que dans ses livres." The English Constitution, being unwritten and at any time amendable by mere act of Parliament, does not come within the scope of M. Bourgeaud's work. But the fact that his attention is confined to the written constitution does not blind him to the fact that there are many things, even in the fundamental law of a country, to be sought outside the text of any constitutional document. In a pregnant passage he asserts "que les constitutions érites ne sont pas l'unique mesure des institutions politiques d'un pays, qu'elles formulent plus qu'elles ne créent, et qu'il ne faut pas chercher dans leurs articles toutes les normes constitutionnelles." And he continues as follows: "La déclaration des droits de l'homme et du citoyen n'est pas inscrite en les lois de 1875. Aucun décret de l'Assemblée de Versailles ne l'a confirmée. Qui oserait soutenir cependant qu'elle ne fait point partie de la constitution actuelle de la République ? Ses principes pénètrent la législation, dominent la vie publique des Français."

*A Summer
out-of-doors
in England.*

A captivating little book of English origin, that seems as one reads it to exhale the odors and reflect the hues of the fields and hedgerows, parks and gardens, through which its author leads us, is John Davidson's "A Summer Itinerary" (Boston: Copeland & Day). In it Mr. Davidson presents, with much felicity of phrase and fancy, "some notes and impressions of the remarkable spring and summer of 1893." The "Itinerary" embraces Blackheath, Greenwich, Epping Forest, the parks and rural environs of London in general, the banks of the Lea, Kew Gardens, the Chilterns, etc.; and the volume closes with "A Ballad of a Musician," a production which, like the prose, has a savor quite its own. Mr. Davidson's writing bears throughout the hallmark of originality, and it has a charm, born partly of thought and partly of diction, that is hard to define. There is, perhaps, at times a hint of self-consciousness, of phrasing that is the fruit of repetition and experiment; but we need not quarrel with that. Even I. Walton, the type of literary innocence, has been caught, once at least, hammering out his "artless" phrases with all the forethought and deliberation of a Donne. A fair sample of our author's directer descriptions is his picture of a lark—not so poetical, certainly, as Jeremy Taylor's or Walton's, but graphic enough: "Then came a withered heath; and out of it, almost from between the itinerant's feet, a lark with hissing wings shot up like a rocket. Right underneath it he watched its ascent; he had never had such an opportunity before. It wedged its way up spirally; and as distance gradually hid the corkscrew motion, it seemed to be climbing a stair, moving from side to side like a skater. At a certain height the di-

rect ascent changed to an oblique one; the lark had ceased drilling a passage through the air, and, impelled by the momentum acquired in its long involved race up the skies, it slid without effort high into the blue. The descent was a continuation of the ascending slide, its wings remaining motionless, until, near the earth, they were employed as brakes to avoid destruction. And all the while the powerful song went on, filling the air." The passage has a ring of the observant Jefferies, and the reader may profitably compare it with Shelley's and Wordsworth's immortal Odes to this "pilgrim of the skies." The little book is artistically made, and there is a frontispiece fairly rivalling in oddity the quaint eccentricities of Madox Brown and E. Burne-Jones.

*Complete edition
of the writings of
Thomas Paine.*

The first volume of the four in which Mr. Moncure D. Conway intends to publish "The Writings of Thomas Paine" (Putnam) has, after a considerable delay, been published, uniform with the biography of Paine by the same hand. It includes papers written between 1774 and 1779, the most important of them being "Common Sense" and "The Crisis." These are so well known that mere mention of their inclusion is sufficient. Less familiar are the essays reprinted from "The Pennsylvania Magazine" and other periodicals of the time. They include "African Slavery in America," Paine's first essay, claimed by Mr. Conway to give Paine the title of "the first American Abolitionist"; "The Magazine in America," introductory of "The Pennsylvania Magazine," which Paine edited for fifty pounds a year; "The Life and Death of Lord Clive"; "The Forester's Letters"; and Paine's letter of May 16, 1778, to Franklin in Paris. As the editor remarks, "No apology is needed for an edition of Thomas Paine's writings, but rather for the tardiness of their appearance." The work of collecting them has not been easy, and their value, to the student of American history alone, is hardly exaggerated by Mr. Conway when he says that "there was no witness with better opportunities of information, one more sleeplessly vigilant, or more thoroughly representative of public sentiment during the twelve momentous years in which the American government was founded" than Thomas Paine.

German literature in America. A substantial volume called "Deutsch in Amerika" (Chicago: Eyller) is a first instalment of "Beiträge zur Geschichte der Deutsch-Amerikanischen Literatur," by Dr. G. A. Zimmermann, Superintendent of German in the public schools of Chicago. This volume is devoted to "Episch-Lyrische Poesie." It is really but the beginning of a comprehensive work (undertaken by the Germania Männerchor of Chicago) which is intended to illustrate the achievements of the German-American not only in literature, but in music, painting, sculpture, and architecture as well. Dr. Zimmermann's introductory sketch of German literature in America is very interesting. The

history of the subject begins with 1520, when a German adventurer who came over in the train of Cortez wrote an account of his experiences. The manuscript of this "Zeitung aus Yucatan" was discovered about forty years ago, and published at Amsterdam. The next date recorded is 1532, when Nikolaus Federman described his adventures in Venezuela. This work was actually printed in 1536. Three other sixteenth-century writings are chronicled, all dealing with South America. These facts are curious, but they do not directly concern the subject of the work before us, which deals essentially with the literary production of Germans who have settled in America. In the work proper, three periods are distinguished: a religious, from 1625 to 1825; a political, from 1825 to 1850; and the period of immigration subsequent to the latter date. The religious period was barren, and three names serve to illustrate it. The political period gives us a score of "Vor-achtundvierziger," and half as many more of the "Achtundvierziger" themselves. Franz Lieber, Friedrich Hassaurek, Niklas Müller, and Eduard Dorsch are among the better known names of this period. In the closing period, about a hundred and fifty names are represented. The life of each author is briefly told, and from one to half a dozen of his poems are printed. The work is one of much interest, and its preparation must have required great industry.

Henry IV. and the Huguenots. The latest volume in the "Heroes of the Nations" series (Putnam) is an excellent account of "Henry of Navarre and the Huguenots in France," by Mr. P. F. Willert. A pervert and traitor in the eyes of the Protestants and a victim to the knife of a Catholic fanatic, Henry the Fourth presents a character difficult to judge fairly and calmly. Mr. Willert's estimate is just and appreciative. He sees in the great Bourbon neither an impossible hero nor an unprincipled voluptuary, but a coarse vigorous man of action, versatile, daring, and honestly desirous of the welfare of his kingdom, with an openness of manner and an unfeigned humanity that led even his enemies to confess that he had "sublime virtues." "There was that about him which, whatever he did, prevented his appearing mean or hateful, and it is not without reason that, of all kings who have occupied the French throne, Henry of Navarre still retains the first place in the memory and affection of his people."

A new life of Catherine II. Lack of the conventional ingredients of romance will scarcely be predicated of R. Waliszewski's "Romance of an Empress" (Appleton), a Life of Catherine II. of Russia. Materials for a detailed study of the northern Semiramis have only of late years been forthcoming; now, out of the seventy-two volumes of documents published by the Russian Imperial Historical Society, there are scarcely twenty not directly bearing on the history of her reign. The

author, we learn, has availed himself of these and other hitherto unexplored sources with a freedom of selection and expression that has resulted in the prohibition of his book in Russia—from which it would seem that the national ability to digest the political facts of Russian history is in rather a weak and infantile stage as yet. Catherine's personal record would certainly bear fumigating; but we find nothing in M. Waliszewski's book especially provocative of dynamite. Human society presents no more pitiful spectacle than this of a government, secular or religious, slinking perpetually into the shadow, blinking the light of advancing knowledge, and striving to perpetuate its outworn or partly outworn rule by blindfolding the eyes of its dependents to discreditable truths in its past history. M. Waliszewski is a lively and graphic narrator, and he has been acceptably translated. There is an interesting frontispiece portrait of Catherine.

BRIEFER MENTION.

There seems to be no doubt that Thoreau has become an American classic. The fact is emphasized by the "Riverside" edition of his writings, now complete in ten volumes (Houghton.) The last of these volumes to be published are "Excursions in Field and Forest" and "Miscellanies." The former includes "A Yankee in Canada" and one or two pieces not before printed in book form. The latter opens with Emerson's sketch, which is followed by a number of essays representative of "the somewhat less known Thoreau, the student of human life, of literature, and religion." Last of all, the volume presents translations from Aeschylus and Pindar, and a few original poems. The index to the entire edition, which appears in this volume, doubles the usefulness of the work to the student.

Mr. William R. Jenkins has published three useful books for teachers of the French language. Perhaps the most valuable of the three is M. A. de Rougemont's "Manuel de la Littérature Français," which covers, cursorily, the last three centuries, and includes extracts, biographies, notes, and questions. M. Paul Bercy's "French Reader" is designed for advanced classes, and is made up of complete stories to the number of thirty, by such nineteenth century authors as Mendès, Maupassant, Coppée, Halévy, Droz, Daudet, and Bourget. The third publication is a "College Preparatory French Grammar," by M. Charles P. Du Croquet. It includes lessons for a year's work, selections, and all sorts of exercises, winding up with a number of specimen college examination papers.

Volume XXXVI. of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (Macmillan) opens with an article on Malthus, by Mr. Leslie Stephen, and carries us through the Masons, of whom William, the poet, is also discussed by Mr. Stephen's competent pen. The most noticeable of the literary biographies is Mr. Sidney Lee's "Marlowe," which fills ten pages. Even this liberal measure is exceeded, however, by Mr. T. F. Henderson's "Mary Stuart," which gets no less than eighteen pages, and is much the longest biography in the volume. Volume XXXVII. of the "Dictionary" extends from Masquerier to Milling. Mr. Robert Boyle writes on Massinger;

Mr. Joseph Knight on Charles Mathews, Charles James Mathews, Lucia Elizabeth Mathews, and Madame Vestris; Dr. Richard Garnett on Charles Robert Maturin; Mr. Leslie Stephen on Frederick Denison Maurice, Conyers Middleton, James Mill, and John Stuart Mill; Mr. R. T. Glazebrook, F.R.S., on James Clerk Maxwell; Mr. Thomas Baynes on William Julius Mickle; and Prof. C. H. Herford on Thomas Middleton, the dramatist.

"Pictures from Greek Life and Story" (Putnam) is the title of the latest of the popular books on ancient history which Mr. A. J. Church continues to send forth with a regularity that would weary a less facile book-maker. In this volume the author succeeds fairly well in the attempt to "present a few picturesque scenes from Greek story" in the period between Solon and Epaminondas, although the picturesqueness is sometimes more apparent in the titles of the sketches than in the narrative itself. There are numerous illustrations after the antique.

It is gratifying to see that the renewed interest in Greek institutions aroused by the discovery of Aristotle's treatise on the Constitution of Athens has again borne fruit in America, this time in a monograph by Dr. George Willis Botsford on "The Development of the Athenian Constitution," recently issued as the fourth number of the Cornell Studies in Classical Philology (Ginn). Taking the patriarchal family as the starting-point of his work, Dr. Botsford describes in detail the constituent elements of Greek society, and traces their development at Athens down to the beginning of the Peloponnesian war. The material is discussed in a careful and scholarly manner, and the study deserves a creditable place in the rapidly growing literature of the subject.

THE "ANTIGONE" AT TORONTO.

The representation of a Greek play in its native dress is not yet so common an event as not to excite unusual interest, though apparently it is becoming a more frequent occurrence in spite of the growth of a tendency to look upon Greek as an obsolescent and useless study. It is less than a year ago that the "Antigone" was brought out at Vassar College; and the recent celebration of the quarter-centennial of the University of Nebraska was made academic by the rendering of scenes from the "Electra" and the "Antigone."

When we saw, a fortnight ago, large placards posted about the streets of Toronto, announcing the performance of the "Antigone" in Greek by students of the University, under the special patronage of the Governor General and the Countess of Aberdeen, we wondered whether the *Zeitgeist* would applauding look on without receiving at least a sop to placate him. The representation, which was given on three successive evenings before large audiences in the Academy of Music, was successful in so many ways, and the concessions to the notions of the modern stage manager were so few, that the University and its friends have good reason for self-gratulation.

Those of us who were from "the States" could not be expected to admire the English sound of the Greek vowels; but this might be regarded as a matter of provincial prejudice. What seemed more strange to us was the peculiar rhythm by which the iambic trimeter was given the effect of the choliambus verse, the last syllable of the line being treated as short, giving the verse an unexpected close as though it were lame. The

scenery was borrowed from the Vassar representation, and the text was furnished by Messrs. Ginn & Company. As at Vassar, the chorus and the actors stood on the same level, the Greek orchestra serving at the same time as the proscenium. No one will claim that the "Antigone" affords a fair test of the soundness of the Dörpfeld theory of the Greek stage as applied to the naturalness and effectiveness of the representation; yet all, we think, will be ready to admit that even in such a play as this, in which chorus and actors do not come into what may be called hand to hand contact, the pathos and power of many of the scenes would be diminished were the hero or heroine to be separated from those who are appealed to for sympathy and counsel by the space required for the Vitruvian stage.

The well-trained Chorus of fifteen elders was aided in the singing by an effective supplementary chorus of forty voices. Mendelssohn's music, written for Donner's German translation and adapted to the Greek by Professor Ramsay Wright, was admirably rendered. The Chorus proper indicated by pantomime the sentiment of the odes perhaps too palpably. How far the Greeks employed pantomime and action in the choragic stasima is a matter of conjecture. The hyporhema, in which Dionysus is celebrated as a patron god of Thebes, was a very realistic Bacchic dance; it was well done, possibly too well done, and here more than anywhere else there was an appeal to the modern love of the spectacular.

In the absence of stage directions, there is always room for differences of interpretation; and if we had such directions, would these differences be any the less? Many interpreters make the guard too much of a clown, over-emphasize the wrath and excitement of Teiresias, and make colorless the thrilling narrative of the messenger who announces the self-inflicted death of Eurycle.

The simple dignity and true pathos of this noble drama asserted their power over minds accustomed to the complex and unnatural realism of the sensational drama. Again was proof given of the eternal humanness of "our Sophocles, the royal," who could bring under the spell of his genius a company of "barbarians" to whom the accents of his Attic tongue were as unintelligible as the confused and harsh cries of the birds that flocked about Teiresias on the seat of anguish.

MARTIN L. D'OOGE.

University of Michigan, Feb. 26, 1894.

LITERARY NOTES AND MISCELLANY.

The Jowett Memorial Fund now amounts to nearly fifty thousand dollars.

Professor C. H. Herford's translation of "Brand" will soon be published by Messrs. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

A new edition, considerably enlarged, of Miss S. H. Killikelly's "Curious Questions" will soon be published by Messrs. Eichbaum & Co., of Pittsburg.

Is it possible that University Extension is of age? It seems so, for Mr. T. J. Lawrence proposes a celebration this year of the twenty-first anniversary of the movement.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce a "History of the United States Navy," by Mr. E. S. Maclay; "Benefits Forgot," by the late Wolcott Balestier; "A Ward in Chancery," by Mrs. Alexander; and "Cleopatra," by Dr. Ebers.

When the decease of Tyndall was announced, no fewer than six editors of magazines telegraphed to Professor Huxley for an article. Mr. Knowles, of "The Nineteenth Century," was slightly quicker than the rest, and secured the prize.

Of 352 cities and towns in the State of Massachusetts, no less than 234 have free public libraries controlled by the municipality. Libraries partly or wholly under private control exist in 74 more of the towns, leaving only 44 with no public libraries at all.

The Converse medals of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts have been awarded to Mr. D. Ridgway Knight and Mr. Alexander Harrison. Messrs. Whistler and Sargent are the fortunate recipients of the Temple medals which were awarded by the same institution.

Mr. Henry Harland will act as literary editor of "The Yellow Book," the new quarterly to be published in London by Messrs. Mathews and Lane. Each number of this magazine will be a 320-page book, having the outward guise of a French novel. Subjects of the day will be expressly excluded from the pages of this enterprise, and only untimely topics will find favor with the editors.

While Hungary was engaged, a few weeks ago, in celebrating the fiftieth year of Jokai's literary productivity, Spain was engaged in bestowing all sorts of honors upon Señor Nuñez de Arce. He was dined by the Sociedad de Escritores y Artistas of Madrid, and toasted by Señor Echegaray. Deputations from all over Spain were sent to him, together with wreaths of gold, silver, and laurel. His early plays were revived in the theatres, and streets in Toledo and Valladolid were rechristened with his name. Altogether, he must have been highly gratified by the numerous evidences of his popularity.

Among the many Spring announcements of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., we notice with peculiar interest Mr. A. W. Pollard's edition of "The Canterbury Tales"; the second volume of Professor Bryce's "American Commonwealth"; "Katharine Lauderdale," a novel by Mr. F. Marion Crawford; a two-volume edition of "The Letters of Edward Fitzgerald"; Professor Freeman's Oxford lectures on Western Europe in the fifth and eighth centuries; "Chronological Outlines of American Literature," by Mr. Selden L. Whitecomb; a translation of Wücker's "History of Anglo-Saxon Literature"; and the nine volumes in the dollar edition of Dickens, making the series complete.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan, a young English writer, published not long ago "A Book of Strange Sins," which a great many people bought in the expectation of finding something racy. The contents of the book were, in fact, perfectly inoffensive, but it seems that one of its critics (possibly one who reviewed it by title) described it as unfit for publication. Mr. Kernahan's way of meeting the attack is novel. Instead of bringing suit for libel, he offers to submit his work to the arbitration of six Wesleyan Methodist ministers, agreeing that if two out of six say there is anything in it which "ought never to have seen the light" he will pay £100 to some charitable institution. This shows Mr. Kernahan to be of an exceedingly peaceful and conciliatory disposition; it also shows him to have an eye for a good advertisement.

Mr. Charles S. Peirce, of Milford, Pa., issues a prospectus of a work in twelve volumes (each distinct) en-

titled "The Principles of Philosophy; or, Logic, Physics, and Psychics, considered as a Unity, in the light of the Nineteenth Century." The first volume, now ready for the press, will be "A Review of the Leading Ideas of the Nineteenth Century." Mr. Peirce also issues a prospectus of a limited edition, to be printed in two colors, of "The Epistle of Pierre Pelerin de Maricourt to Sygur de Faucaucourt, Soldier, On the Lodestone." The original treatise dates from 1269, and "occupies a unique position in the history of the human mind, being without exception the earliest work of experimental science that has come down to us." The transcript of Peter Peregrinus's text has been made afresh from a contemporary MS. in the Paris Library, and is reproduced in black-letter, together with a translation and notes.

After a private and somewhat vicarious existence of seven years "The Hobby Horse" has been granted a new lease of life, and will continue to be issued quarterly in a limited edition to subscribers only. It will be under the editorship of Mr. Herbert P. Horne, and besides its illustrations the magazine will contain articles upon Literature, Music, Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and the Decorative Arts; Poems; Essays; Fiction; and original designs, choiceley printed in quarto form upon handmade paper. In its list of contributors we find such well-known names as Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, Sir E. Burne-Jones, Mr. Austin Dobson, Sir Frederick Leighton, Messrs. W. M. Rossetti, John Ruskin, J. H. Shorthouse, Frederick Wedmore, and Oscar Wilde. The American market will be supplied by Messrs. Copeland & Day, 69 Cornhill, Boston. Number 1 of the new series contains, among other articles, a short story by Mr. Ernest Dowson; essays "In the Life of Inigo Jones," by the editor, and the "Musical Instruments of the Angels in Early Italian Art," by Mr. A. J. Hipkins; and poems by the editor, Mr. Selwyn Image, and Mr. Laurence Binyon.

EARLY LITERARY DAYS IN CALIFORNIA.

Mr. Bret Harte gives the following example of literary criticism as she was wrote in California some thirty years ago. Mr. Harte had just published a volume of selected verse from Californian writers: "A well-known mining weekly, which I here poetically veil under the title of the Red Dog 'Jay Hawk,' was first to swoop down upon the tuneful and unsuspecting quarry. At this century-end of fastidious and complaisant criticism, it may be interesting to recall the direct style of the Californian 'sixties': 'The hogwash and "purp"-stuff ladled out from the slop-bucket of Messrs. — & Co. of Frisco, by some lop-eared Eastern apprentice, and called "A Compilation of Californian Verse," might be passed over, so far as criticism goes. A club in the hands of any able-bodied citizen of Red Dog and a steam-boat ticket to the Bay, cheerfully contributed from this office, would be all-sufficient. But when an imported greenhorn dares to call his flapdoodle mixture "Californian," it is an insult to the State that has produced the gifted "Yellow Hammer," whose lofty flights have from time to time dazzled our readers in the columns of the "Jay Hawk." That this complacent editorial jackass, browsing among the dock and thistles which he has served up in this volume, should make no allusion to California's greatest bard, is rather a confession of his idiocy than a slur upon the genius of our esteemed contributor.' I turned hurriedly to my pile of rejected contributions—the *nom de plume* of 'Yellow Hammer'

did not appear among them; certainly I had never heard of its existence. Later, when a friend showed me one of that gifted bard's pieces, I was inwardly relieved."

VERSES BY MR. SWINBURNE TO MR. WILLIAM MORRIS.

Mr. Swinburne's forthcoming volume of poems is inscribed to Mr. William Morris by a copy of verses in the poet's best dedicatory manner. We reprint the closing stanzas, about one-third of the entire poem:

"Truth, winged and enkindled with rapture
And sense of the radiance of yore,
Fulfilled you with power to recapture
What never might singer before—
The life, the delight, and the sorrow
Of troublous and chivalrous years
That knew not of night or of morrow,
Of hopes or of fears.

"But wider the wing and the vision
That quicken the spirit have spread
Since memory beheld with derision
Man's hope to be more than his dead.
From the mists and the snows and the thunders
Your spirit has brought for us forth
Light, music, and joy in the wonders
And charms of the north.

"The wars and the woes and the glories
That quicken and lighten and rain
From the clouds of its chronicled stories,
The passion, the pride, and the pain,
Whose echoes were mute and the token
Was lost of the spells that they spoke,
Rise bright at your bidding, unbroken
Of ages that break.

"For you, and for none of us other,
Time is not: the dead that must live
Hold communion with you as a brother
By grace of the life that you give.
The heart that was in them is in you,
Their soul in your spirit endures:
The strength of their song is the sinew
Of this that is yours.

"Hence is it that life, everlasting
As light and as music, abides
In the sound of the surge of it, casting
Sound back to the surge of the tides,
Till sons of the sons of the Norsemen
Watch, hurtling to windward and lee,
Round England, unbacked of her horsemen,
The steeds of the sea."

BROWNING'S "LOST LEADER."

Who was Browning's "Lost Leader"? is a question that crops out as regularly as "Who are the characters in Tennyson's 'Dream of Fair Women'?" Its latest appearance is in the London "Literary World," where it elicits a number of communications, one of which is interesting enough to quote. It is a letter written by Browning in 1875.

"Dear Friends,— Your letter has made a round to reach me, hence the delay in replying to it, which you will, therefore, pardon. I have been asked the question you put to me — though never asked so poetically and so pleasantly — I suppose a score of times, and I can only answer, with something of shame and contrition, that I undoubtedly had Wordsworth in my mind, but simply as a 'model'; you know, an artist takes one or two striking traits in the features of his 'model,' and uses them to start his fancy on a flight which may end far enough from the good man or woman who happens to be 'sitting' for nose and eyes.

"I thought of the great poet's abandonment of Liberalism at an unlucky juncture, and no repaying consequence that I could ever see. But once call my fancy-portrait Wordsworth, and how much more ought one to say! There is my apology, dear friends, and your acceptance of it will confirm me.— Truly yours,

ROBERT BROWNING."

Since the anxious inquirer in this latest case was particularly troubled by the reference to the "mild and magnificent eye" of the "Lost Leader," and could not reconcile the description with what he knew of Wordsworth, another correspondent contributes this passage from Hazlitt:

"His manner of reading his own poetry is particularly imposing; and in his favourite passages his eye beams with preternatural lustre, and the meaning labours slowly up from his swelling breast."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

March, 1874 (First List).

Animals, Industries of. Illus. F. Houssay. *Pop. Science.*
Artists, Some Rising. Illus. *Magazine of Art.*
Bees and Buckwheat. Charles C. Abbott. *Lippincott.*
Biology and Ethics. Sir James C. Browne. *Pop. Science.*
Cable-Street-Railway, The. Illus. P. G. Hubert, Jr. *Scribner.*
Catullus, The Poetry of. William C. Lawton. *Dial.*
Charilaos Tricoupis. Jeremiah W. Jenks. *Atlantic.*
Child-Study in the Hospital. Dr. H. D. Chapin. *Forum.*
Dramatic Criticism. Bram Stoker. *North American.*
English at Harvard. Barrett Wendell. *Dial.*
Farmer, The Northern. Illus. Octave Thanet. *Scribner.*
Fiction, Recent Books of. W. M. Payne. *Dial.*
Florida, Subtropical. Illus. C. R. Dodge. *Scribner.*
Fossil Man. Illus. J. G. Rothermel. *Popular Science.*
Gothenburg System and Our Liquor Traffic. *Forum.*
High Buildings. Illus. Barr Ferree. *Scribner.*
Ibsen, Henrik. Annie Nathan Meyer. *Lippincott.*
Ice Age and Its Work. A. R. Wallace. *Pop. Science.*
Illusions in Art. Illus. T. J. Gullick. *Magazine of Art.*
Income Tax, The. D. A. Wells and U. S. Hall. *Forum.*
Lowell in his Letters. John W. Chadwick. *Forum.*
Massage and the Muscles. D. Graham. *Pop. Science.*
Mayas, Customs and Superstitions of. *Popular Science.*
Milton Visiting Galileo. Illus. P. G. Hamerton. *Scribner.*
Monopolies and the Workingman. R. T. Ely. *No. American.*
Musical Idea, The. Edith Brower. *Atlantic.*
"Nationalism." Edward Bellamy and W. G. Sumner. *Forum.*
Negro, The New England. Jane De F. Shelton. *Harper.*
"Old Masters" at the Royal Academy. Illus. *Mag. of Art.*
Prohibitive Liquor Laws. Appleton Morgan. *Pop. Science.*
Public Roads, Evolution of. Chas. McIlvaine. *Lippincott.*
Railroad Failures, Recent. Simon Sterne. *Forum.*
Religious of the U. S., The. A. H. Noll. *Dial.*
Rembrandt. John C. Van Dyke. *Dial.*
Richardson, H. H., Architect. Illus. *Magazine of Art.*
Right-Handedness, Origin of. J. Mark Baldwin. *Pop. Sci.*
River and Harbor Improvement. N. C. Blanchard. *No. Am.*
Russian and his Jew, The. Illus. Poultney Bigelow. *Harper.*
Saddle-Horse, Training of a. J. G. Speed. *Lippincott.*
Sapphic Secret, The. Maurice Thompson. *Atlantic.*
Sea-Island Hurricanes. Illus. Joel Chandler Harris. *Scribner.*
Secondary Education in the U. S. N. M. Butler. *Atlantic.*
Stanley, Arthur Pearlyn, Life of. *Dial.*
Steel-Working. Illus. R. R. Bowker. *Harper.*
Torture, European Law of. A. W. Barber. *Pop. Science.*
Tuberculosis. T. Mitchell Prudden, M.D. *Harper.*
Tyndall, John. Thomas H. Huxley. *Popular Science.*
War in Europe, Outlook for. Archibald Forbes. *No. Am.*
Welsh Discovery of America. R. B. Anderson. *Dial.*
Woman Question, New Aspect of. Sarah Grand. *No. Amer.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 45 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

HISTORY.

The Christian Recovery of Spain: Being the Story of Spain from the Moorish Conquest to the Fall of Granada (711-1492 A. D.). By Henry Edward Watts. Illus., 12mo, pp. 315. Putnam's "Story of the Nations." \$1.50.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Private Life of Napoleon. By Arthur Levy; trans. by Stephen Louis Simeon. 2 vols., with portraits, 8vo, uncut. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$10.

Oliver Wendell Holmes. By Walter Jerrold. With portrait, 16mo, pp. 144. Macmillan & Co. 90 cts.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Orations and Addresses of George William Curtis. Edited, by Charles Eliot Norton. Vol. II., Address and Reports on the Reform of the Civil Service of the United States. 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 327. Harper & Bros. \$3.50.

In the Footprints of Charles Lamb. By Benjamin Ellis Martin, author of "Old Chelsea." Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 195. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Parisian Points of View. By Ladislav Halévy. Translated by Edith V. B. Matthews; introduction by Brander Matthews. With portrait, 16mo, pp. 195. Harper & Bros. \$1.

Selections from the Essays of Francis Jeffrey. Edited with introduction and notes, by Lewis E. Gates. With portrait, 16mo, pp. 213. Ginn's "Athenaeum" Press Series." \$1.

Lucius: A Dialogue on Friendship. By M. Tullius Cicero. Edited, with notes, etc., by E. S. Shuckburgh, A.M. New edition, 18mo, pp. 190. Macmillan's "Elementary Classics." 40 cts.

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